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ILLUSTRATED

this issue:
BUSINESS HOURS
NINE TO FIVE
by Chris Claremont
& John Bolton

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DOG IN THE DONOR BANK

M. SAENZ

I thought that putting millions of miles of space between Lisa and me would make it easier to forget. It meant nothing, that distance. The strings would stretch even to Alpha Centauri.

When I left Earth I told myself, convinced myself, that I loathed her. But after three short weeks on the Jupiter mission, the bad memories took a backseat to the good . . . and I began missing her.

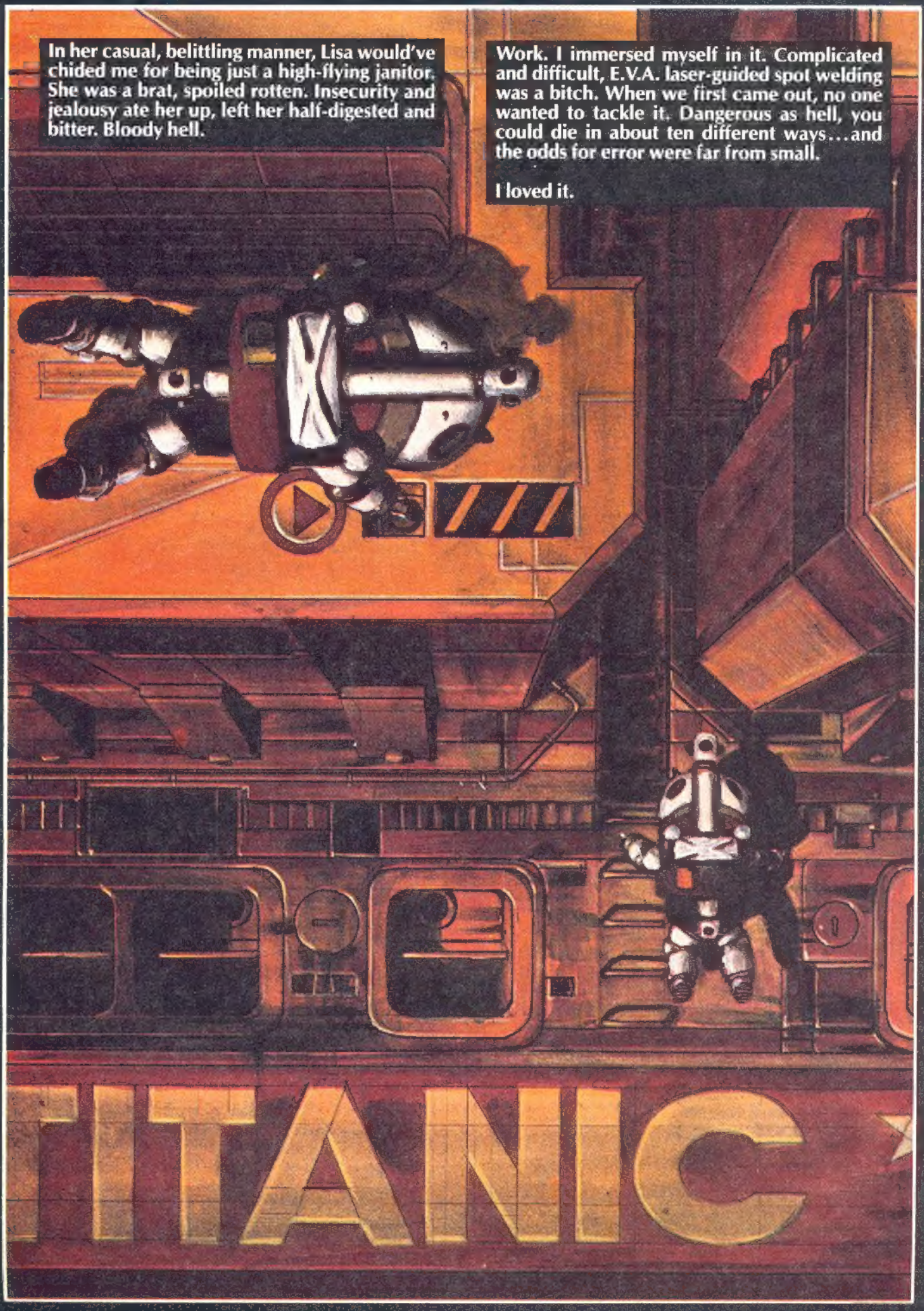
Story and Art by Michael Saenz

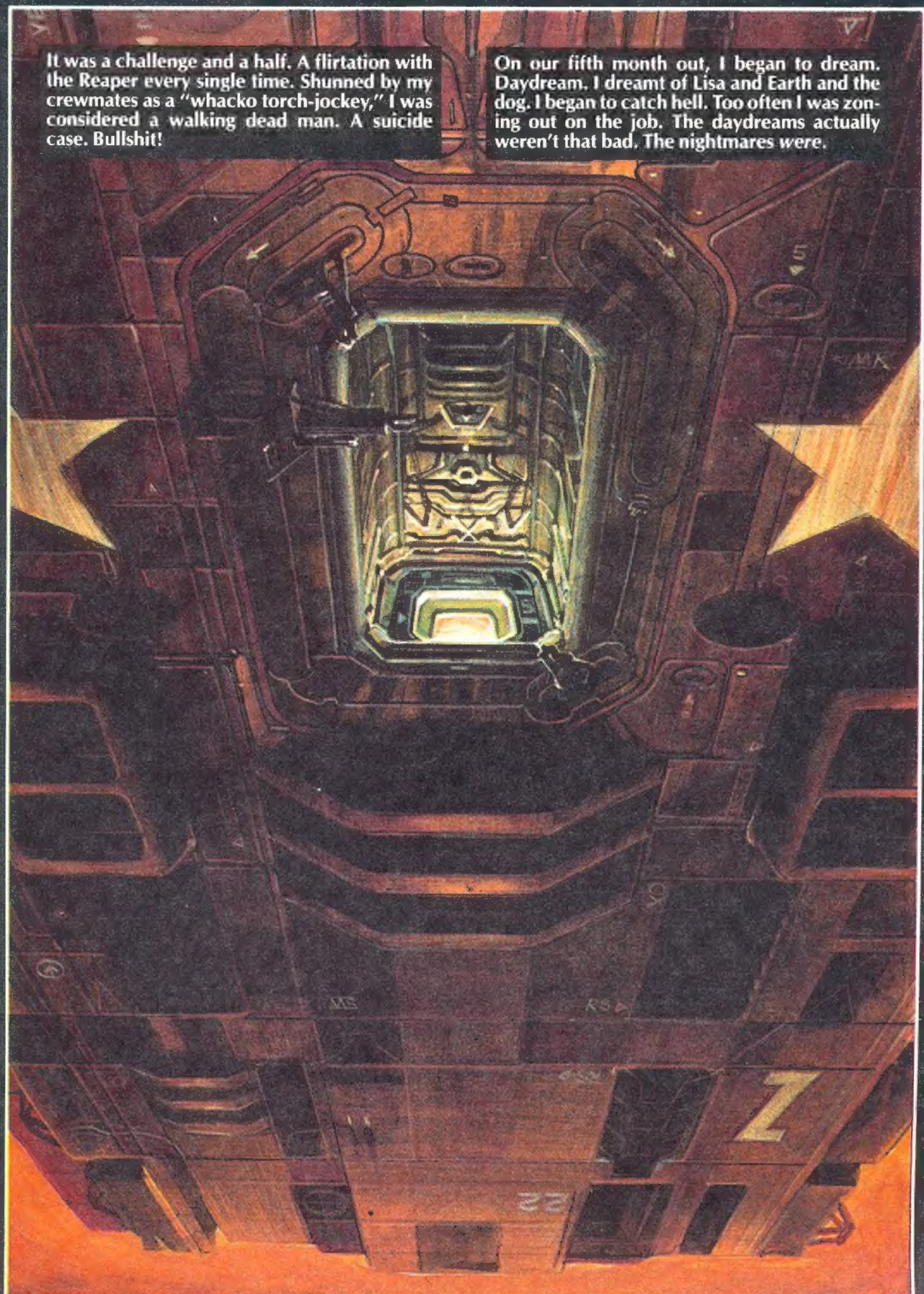
She'd never admit to missing me, I knew that. Not to her friends. Instead, she'd make impulsive references to me now and then and they would know the truth, saying nothing. They'd know that she and I were still in love.
In light of our bitter break-up, somehow that gave me satisfaction.
16

Eager to make a change, a move from her, I signed up. Like a stint in the military, I thought the Corp would put me through a hellish boot-camp and then I'd be free to tick off the rest of my term keeping a low profile.

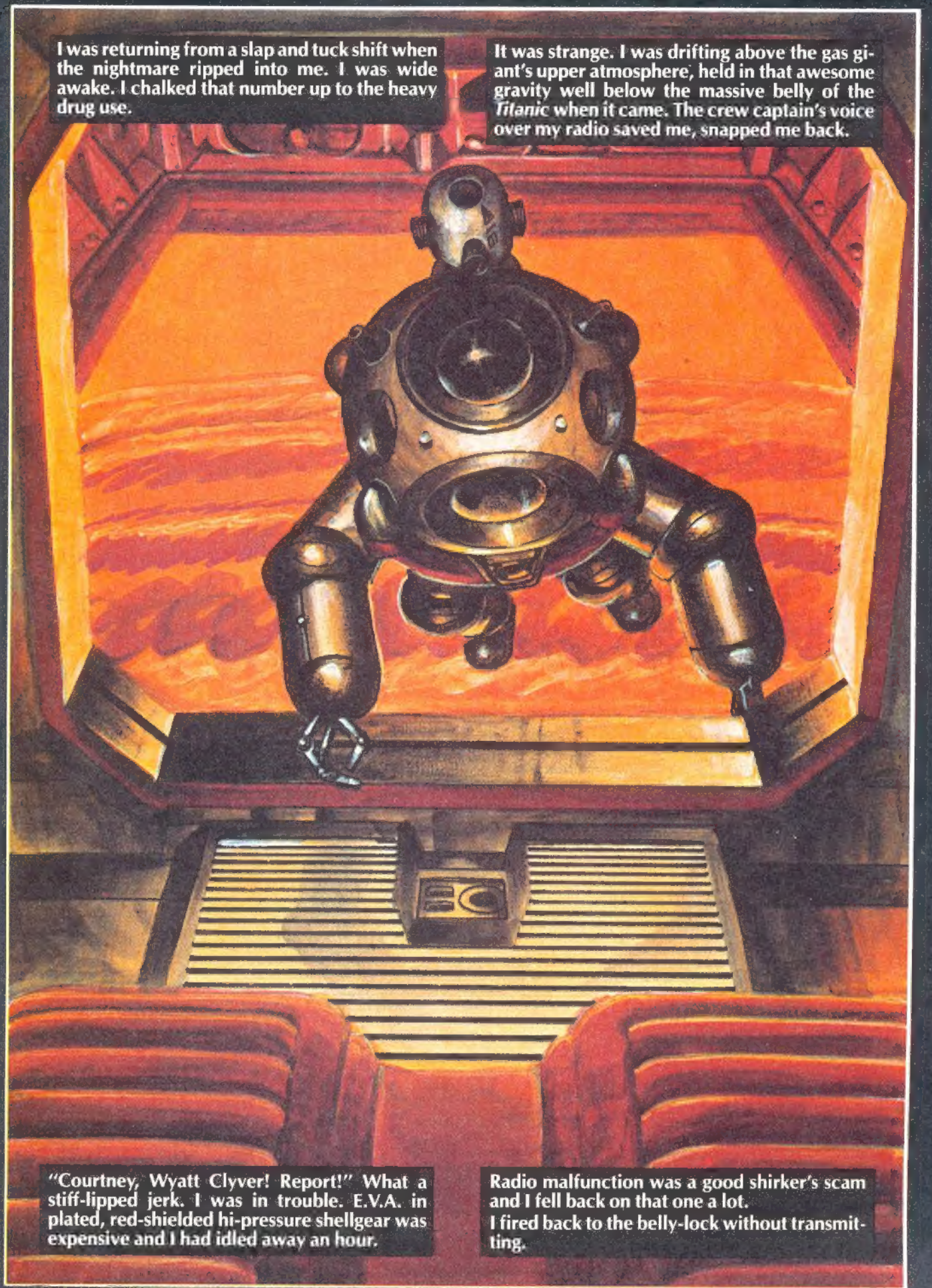
No serious designs or ambition. I wanted escape. Simple.

But the Aerospace Corp wasn't that way. They busted my ass in Basic and molded me in Advanced Aeronautics. In short, they made me into a full-fledged spaceman. Astronaut 2nd Class Wyatt Clyver Courtney, Maintenance Division.


In her casual, belittling manner, Lisa would've chided me for being just a high-flying janitor. She was a brat, spoiled rotten. Insecurity and jealousy ate her up, left her half-digested and bitter. Bloody hell.
Work. I immersed myself in it. Complicated and difficult, E.V.A. laser-guided spot welding was a bitch. When we first came out, no one wanted to tackle it. Dangerous as hell, you could die in about ten different ways...and the odds for error were far from small.
I loved it.
TITANIC


It was a challenge and a half. A flirtation with the Reaper every single time. Shunned by my crewmates as a "whacko torch-jockey," I was considered a walking dead man. A suicide case. Bullshit!
On our fifth month out, I began to dream. Daydream. I dreamt of Lisa and Earth and the dog. I began to catch hell. Too often I was zoning out on the job. The daydreams actually weren't that bad. The nightmares were.

Because of them, my nerves demanded drug-induced sleep time. I usually took, at that time, about 10 mg.s of Cyclerin-400, which was...
...pretty heavy duty. Of course, I needed speed to wake up. *Lots*. I was pumped up and speeding like a mother by day; blasted to a million numbed pieces by night.
But without the drugs, the nightmare would come. The dog in the donor bank. In the dream, I'm about ten or eleven years old. I'm sitting in an examination room. Alone, naked and exposed. Left unattended by the nurses, I am vulnerable and afraid.
I study the implant in my abdomen. A lidded plastic box, allowing access to my internal organs. On my left hand are tiny, hooked rings of steel. I don't understand their purpose, but, drawn by curiousity, I use them to open the box. As I do, I'm shaking with fear.
Then the dog enters the room. He pauses at the door, looks directly into my eyes, and goes for my throat.


I was returning from a slap and tuck shift when the nightmare ripped into me. I was wide awake. I chalked that number up to the heavy drug use.
It was strange. I was drifting above the gas giant's upper atmosphere, held in that awesome gravity well below the massive belly of the *Titanic* when it came. The crew captain's voice over my radio saved me, snapped me back.
"Courtney, Wyatt Clyver! Report!" What a stiff-lipped jerk. I was in trouble. E.V.A. in plated, red-shielded hi-pressure shellgear was expensive and I had idled away an hour.
Radio malfunction was a good shirker's scam and I fell back on that one a lot.
I fired back to the belly-lock without transmitting.

AIR
OCEDURE
I turned and there, as real as anything was the dog. I panicked. Real or imagined, that dog was evil. I closed my eyes, open and looked again. He jumped.
I felt dizzy as I reached the lock. So here I was, fatigue creeping up on me, I thought, like a bandit. I shut the outer door and the cabin pressurized.

The dog came for me in a perfectly straight line in zero-g. I brought up the weld-laser and it flashed, missed, and gashed the wall. The dog was at my throat a second later...

...and I brought my fist down. The steel-encased hand smashed into the dog's head. The metal alloy claw punctured his cranium. Blood ran down his spine. I watched him die.

I was free of the dog forever.

EPILOGUE:

I can't wait to get back to Earth and tell Lisa. Maybe she'd take me back. She'd always hated that dog.

But right now, things are a little confusing. My crewmates tell me that I killed the crew captain. That I murdered him. I don't know what the fuck they're talking about.

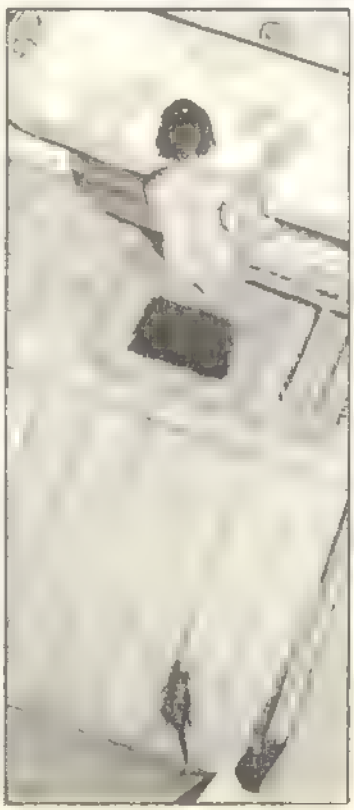
I killed that damn dog, that's it. They've got me in the brig and they say that I'm going to trial when we reach planetside. It's a big mess. But I don't care. Now that the dog is gone, I'm happy.

Truly happy.

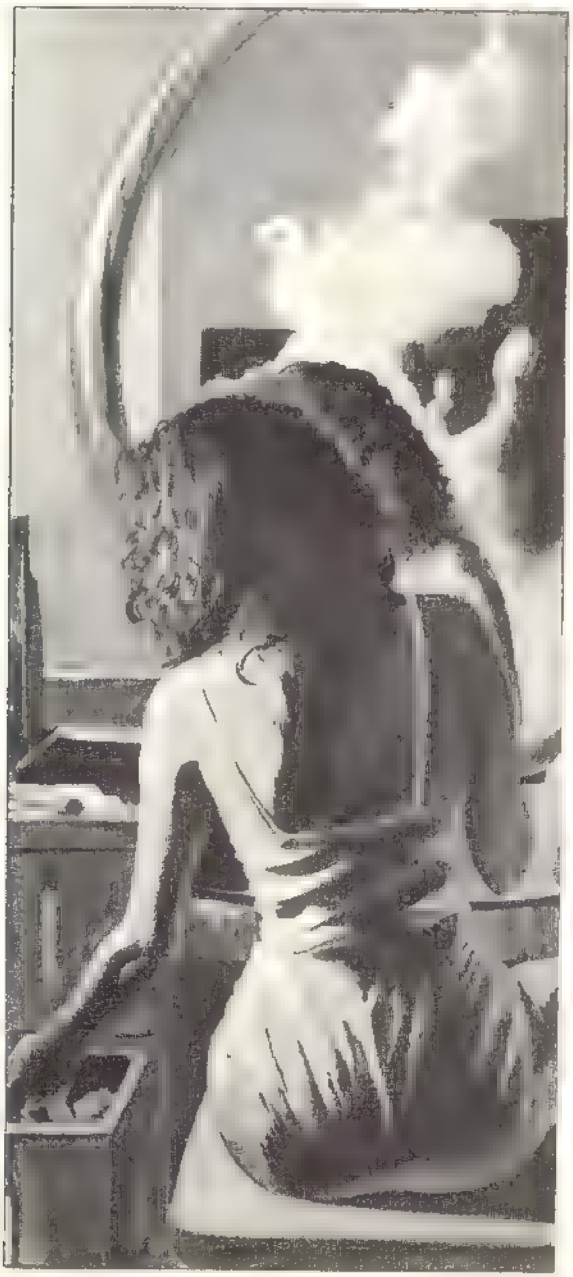
story © 1983 Christopher Claremont, artwork © John Bolton

1313
RING
1313
BERKELEY TRIPLE-SIX, GOOD EVENING-- Oh, IT'S YOU AGAIN.
YES, I REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE. WE SPOKE EARLIER.
I TOLD YOU TO SEE ME DURING BUSINESS HOURS
I UNDERSTAND IT'S DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO GET AROUND, BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND MY POSITION--
-- IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK, THE DAY IS OVER AND IT'S FRIDAY, THE WEEK IS OVER.

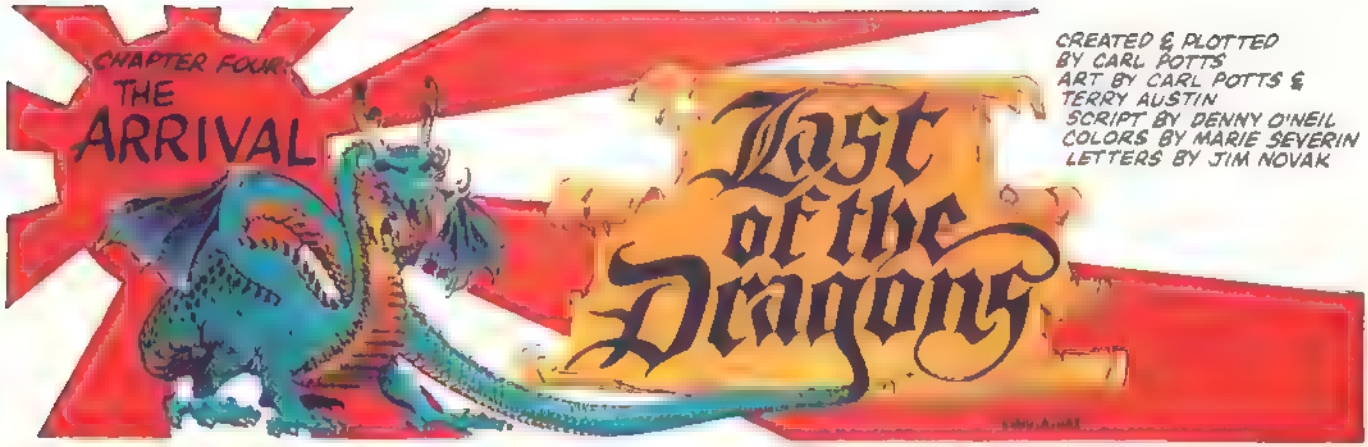
LOOK, COME SEE ME FIRST THING MONDAY MORNING, WE'LL TALK THEN



RING
PHILIP?! HOW ARE YOU, DARLING?
IT'S BEEN A BEASTLY DAY. A PROSPECTIVE CLIENT RANG UP--NEEDED ME URGENTLY, OF COURSE--AND WOULDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.
YOU'LL PICK ME UP AT EIGHT, THEN? I'LL BE WAITING. LOVE YOU, TOO.



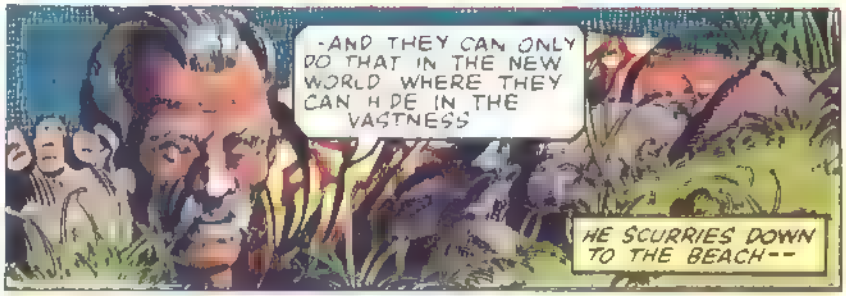
JOANNA MARLOWE?
YOU?!?
DAMNATION AND BLOODY HELL, I TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE--AND I MEANT IT--
--BUSINESS HOURS ARE MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, NINE TO FIVE!

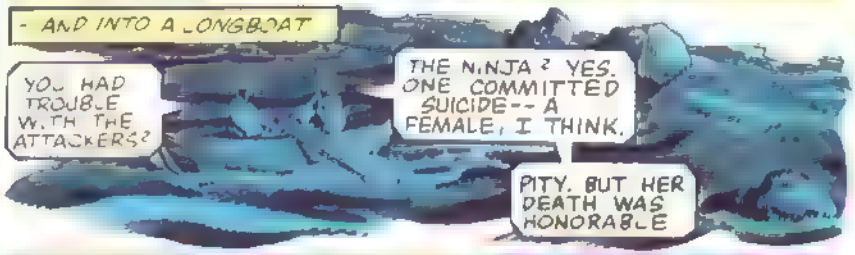


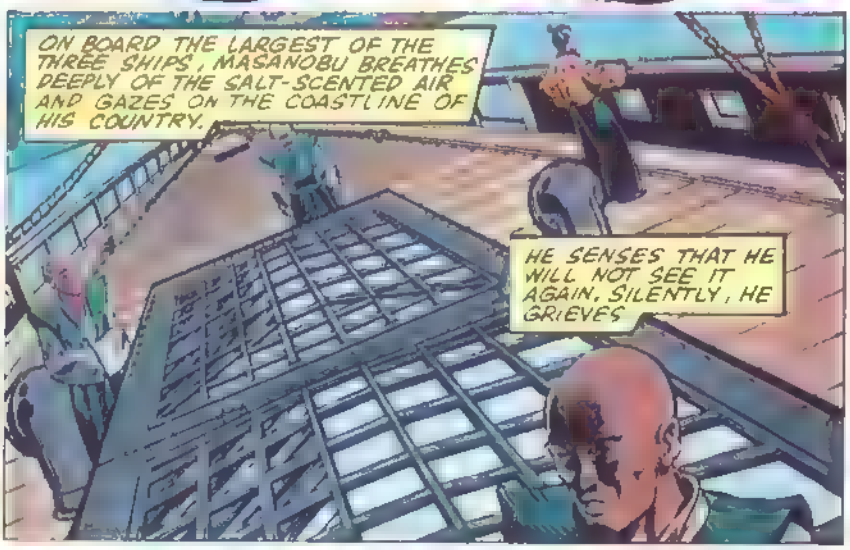
CREATED & PLOTTED BY CARL POTTS
ART BY CARL POTTS & TERRY AUSTIN
SCRIPT BY DENNY O'NEIL
COLORS BY MARIE SEVERIN
LETTERS BY JIM NOVAK

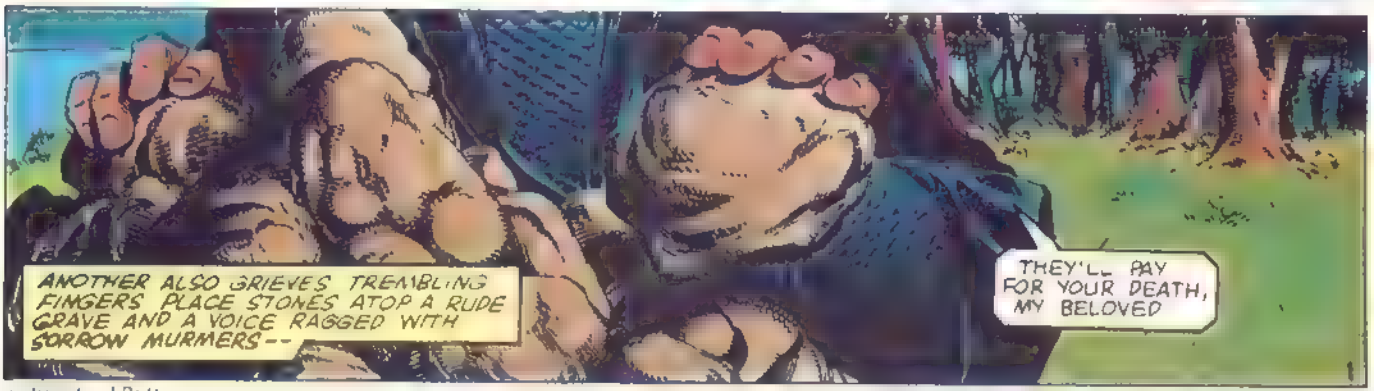
HE HAS BEEN MANY THINGS... SWORDSMAN, LOVER, POET, ARTIST AND PHILOSOPHER...
NOW, MASANOBU MATSUMURA IS ABOUT TO ASSUME HIS FINAL, AND MOST IMPORTANT IDENTITY HE WILL BE GUARDIAN OF THE LAST OF THE DRAGONS ON THEIR VOYAGE TO AMERICA

HE IS NO FOOL. HE REALIZES THE PRIESTS WHO SOUGHT HIS HELP HAVE LIED TO HIM REGARDING THEIR MOTIVES. BUT THE DRAGONS AND THE KIND OF BEAUTY THEY EMBODY MUST SURVIVE--

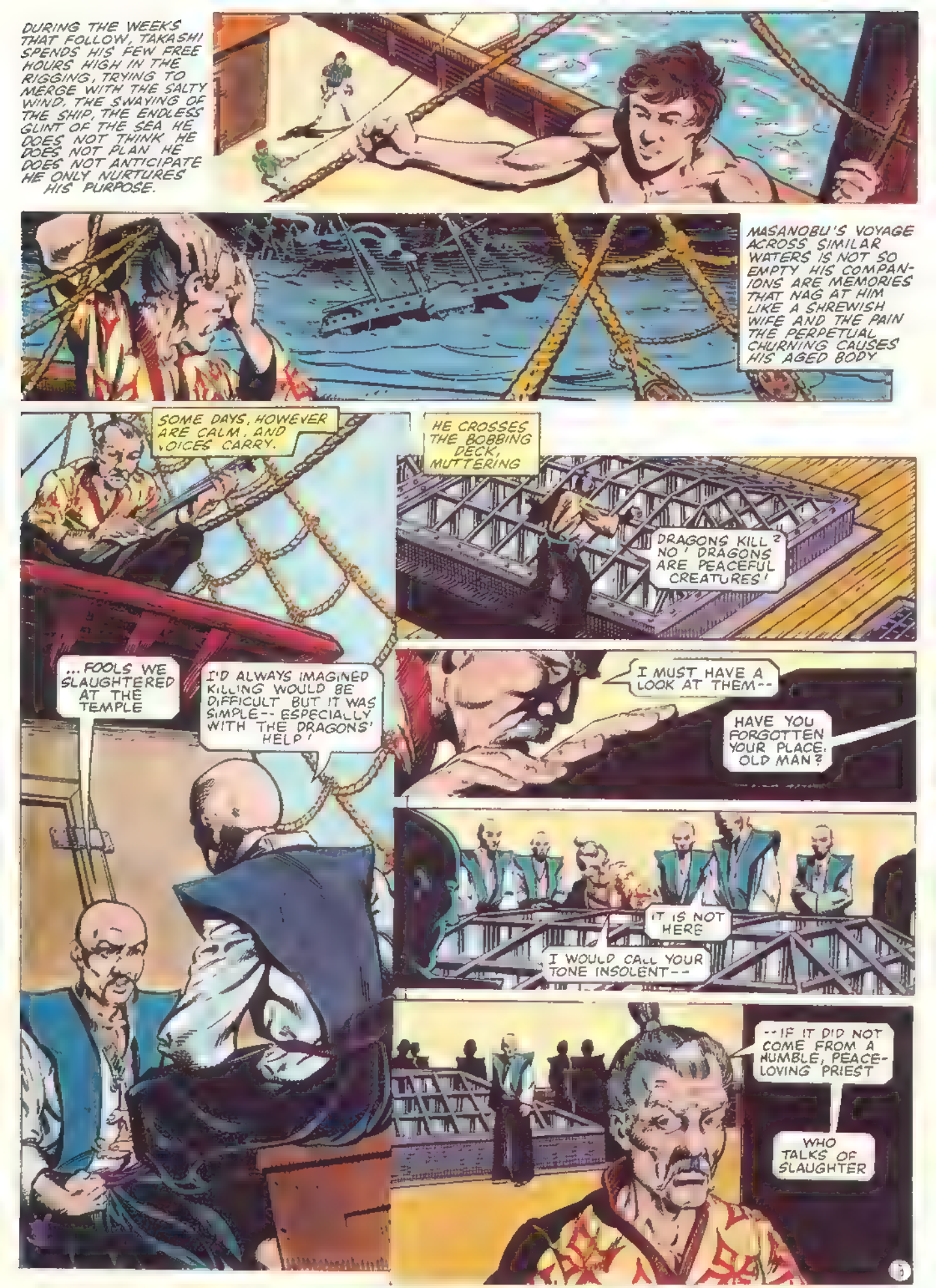


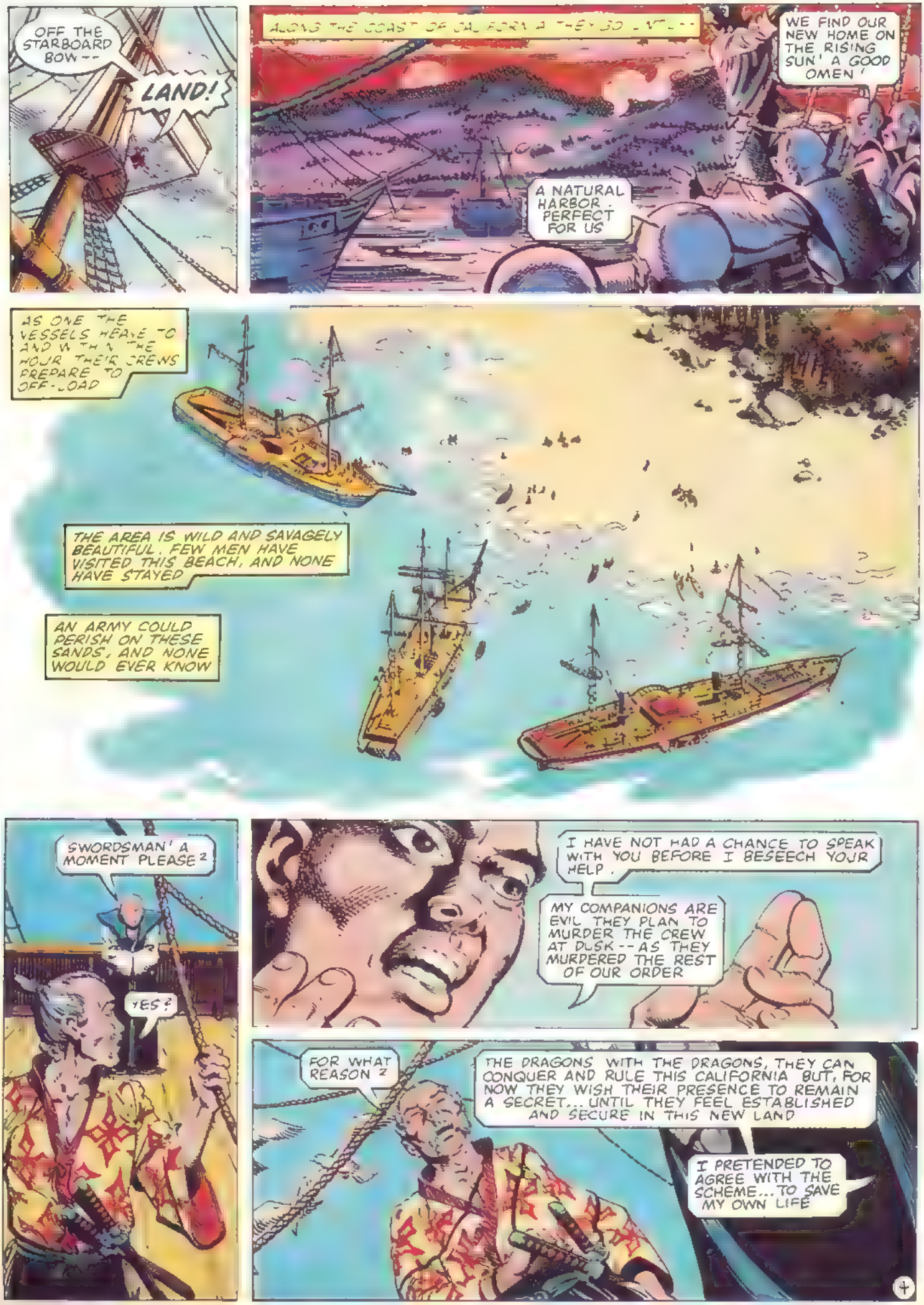

- AND INTO A LONGBOAT
YOU HAD TROUBLE WITH THE ATTACKERS?
THE NINJA? YES. ONE COMMITTED SUICIDE-- A FEMALE, I THINK.
PITY. BUT HER DEATH WAS HONORABLE


ON BOARD THE LARGEST OF THE THREE SHIPS, MASANOBU BREATHES DEEPLY OF THE SALT-SCENTED AIR AND GAZES ON THE COASTLINE OF HIS COUNTRY.
HE SENSES THAT HE WILL NOT SEE IT AGAIN. SILENTLY, HE GRIEVES


ANOTHER ALSO GRIEVES. TREMBLING FINGERS PLACE STONES ATOP A RUDE GRAVE AND A VOICE RAGGED WITH SORROW MURMERS--
THEY'LL PAY FOR YOUR DEATH, MY BELOVED

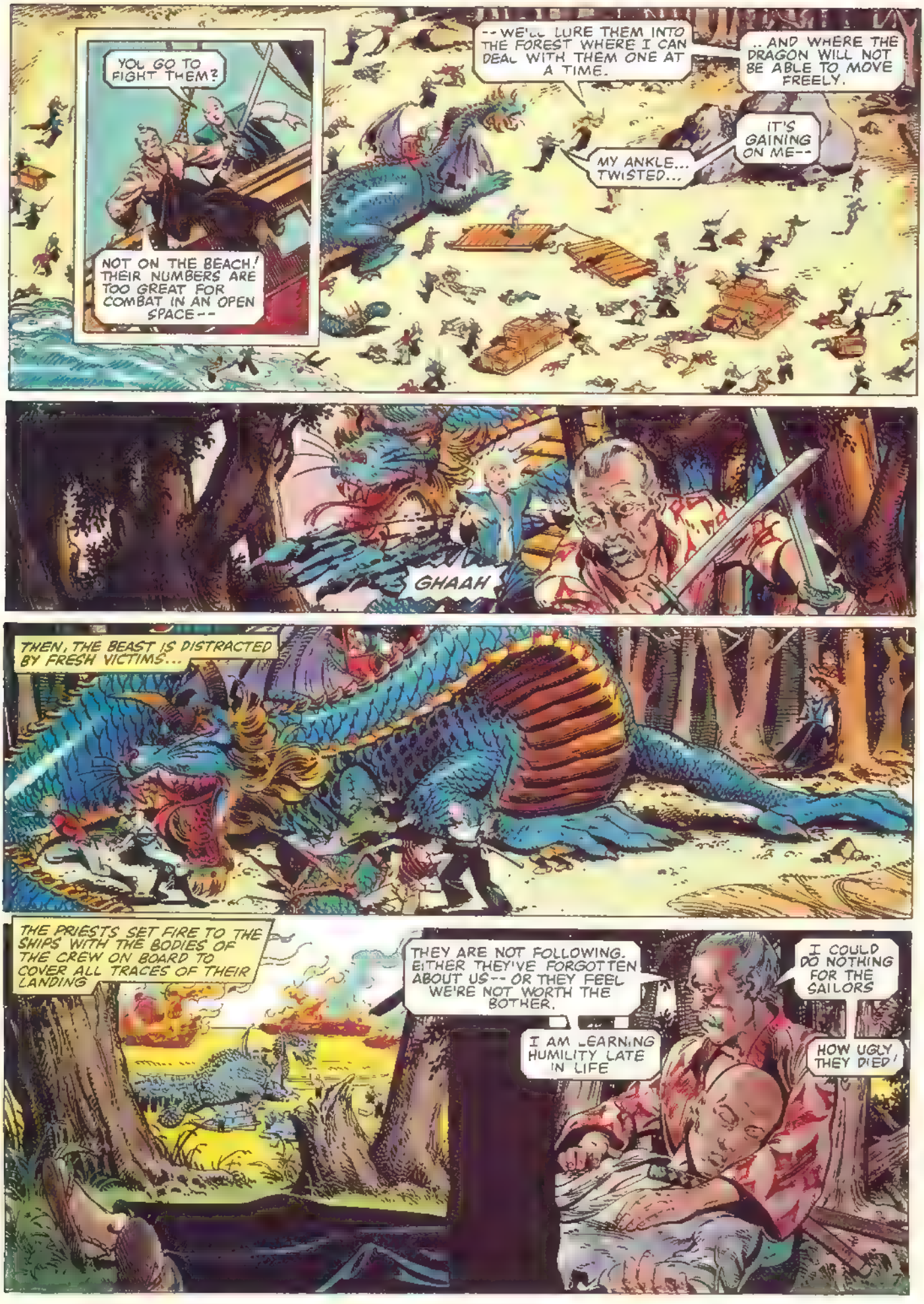
THE OLD MAN... AND THE PRIESTS WHO HIRED HIM TO DO THEIR BLOODLETTING.. I'LL WATCH THEM ALL DIE
I SWEAR T
HANA YOU... YOU'RE ALL I HAD
AT DAWN, HE DOFFS HIS NINJA GARB AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE LEAVING HOME SEVEN YEARS AGO ASSUMES COMMON DRESS. HIS TASK REQUIRES ANONYMITY.
TWO DAYS LATER, HE ENTERS NAGASAKI THE ONCE-FAMILIAR SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND SMELLS SEEM AS ALIEN AS ANOTHER MAN'S DREAMS.
HE GOES TO THE HOUSE OF HIS MOTHER...
BUT--
THE WOMAN YOU SEEK IS DEAD, YOUNG SIR. SHE IS BURIED IN THE CHRISTIAN CEMETARY...
THANK YOU
THE CHRISTIAN CEMETARY
YOU COULDN T EVEN DIE A JAPANESE YOU HAD TO BOW TO MY FATHER S WISHES EVEN IN THIS--
--MY DRUNKEN LOUT OF AN AMERICAN FATHER!
I WAS RIGHT TO LEAVE YOU
AAAGH!
AT DUSK
SO YE SPEAK ENGLISH, DO YE? AN' YOU LOOK STOUT ENOUGH . YE GOT YOUR-SELF A JOB, LAD!


DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, TAKASHI SPENDS HIS FEW FREE HOURS HIGH IN THE RIGGING, TRYING TO MERGE WITH THE SALTY WIND, THE SWAYING OF THE SHIP, THE ENDLESS GLINT OF THE SEA HE DOES NOT THINK HE DOES NOT PLAN HE DOES NOT ANTICIPATE HE ONLY NURTURES HIS PURPOSE.
MASANOBU'S VOYAGE ACROSS SIMILAR WATERS IS NOT SO EMPTY HIS COMPANIONS ARE MEMORIES THAT NAG AT HIM LIKE A SHREWISH WIFE AND THE PAIN THE PERPETUAL CHURNING CAUSES HIS AGED BODY
SOME DAYS, HOWEVER ARE CALM, AND VOICES CARRY.
HE CROSSES THE BOBBING DECK, MUTTERING
DRAGONS KILL? NO! DRAGONS ARE PEACEFUL CREATURES!
...FOOLS WE SLAUGHTERED AT THE TEMPLE
I'D ALWAYS IMAGINED KILLING WOULD BE DIFFICULT BUT IT WAS SIMPLE-- ESPECIALLY WITH THE DRAGONS' HELP!
I MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THEM--
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PLACE, OLD MAN?
IT IS NOT HERE
I WOULD CALL YOUR TONE INSOLENT--
--IF IT DID NOT COME FROM A HUMBLE, PEACE-LOVING PRIEST
WHO TALKS OF SLAUGHTER


OFF THE STARBOARD BOW --
LAND!
ALONG THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA THEY SAIL --
WE FIND OUR NEW HOME ON THE RISING SUN! A GOOD OMEN!
A NATURAL HARBOR. PERFECT FOR US
AS ONE THE VESSELS HEAVE TO AND WITH THE HOUR THEIR CREWS PREPARE TO OFF-LOAD
THE AREA IS WILD AND SAVAGELY BEAUTIFUL. FEW MEN HAVE VISITED THIS BEACH, AND NONE HAVE STAYED
AN ARMY COULD PERISH ON THESE SANDS, AND NONE WOULD EVER KNOW
SWORDSMAN! A MOMENT PLEASE?
YES?
I HAVE NOT HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK WITH YOU BEFORE I BESEECH YOUR HELP.
MY COMPANIONS ARE EVIL. THEY PLAN TO MURDER THE CREW AT DUSK -- AS THEY MURDERED THE REST OF OUR ORDER
FOR WHAT REASON?
THE DRAGONS WITH THE DRAGONS, THEY CAN CONQUER AND RULE THIS CALIFORNIA BUT, FOR NOW THEY WISH THEIR PRESENCE TO REMAIN A SECRET... UNTIL THEY FEEL ESTABLISHED AND SECURE IN THIS NEW LAND
I PRETENDED TO AGREE WITH THE SCHEME... TO SAVE MY OWN LIFE

THEY LIED TO ME THAT IS D'SHONORABLE
AND USING THE DRAGONS FOR CONQUEST... THAT IS OBSCENE
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?
MUCH
THEN DO IT QUICKLY THE USEFULNESS OF THE SEAMEN IS ALMOST ENDED, AND THEY ARE UNARMED--
I AM NOT
THE CRATE. SLIPPING...
RAWRRRRR?
A SNAKE . A LIZARD...
IT MAY BITE THROUGH YOUR BOOT! USE THIS!
TOUGH LITTLE BUGGER!
I'LL GET SOME ROCKS!
NO!

THEIR CLUMSINESS HAS HASTENED THEIR DEATHS!
BREAK OUT THE WEAPONS!
AND--
ROOM ON THE SHIPS ALLOWED FOR ONLY ONE FULLY MATURE DRAGON. THE PRIESTS HAVE BROUGHT THE LARGEST AND MOST FIERCE OF THEIR BEASTS.
AT THEM! FEAST ON THEM!
BLOOD SEEPS INTO THE SAND AND TINTS THE WATER, AND THE SCREAMS OF TERROR AND PAIN MINGLE WITH THE CRASH OF THE SURF AND THE CRIES OF THE NIGHT BIRDS...


YOU GO TO FIGHT THEM?
NOT ON THE BEACH! THEIR NUMBERS ARE TOO GREAT FOR COMBAT IN AN OPEN SPACE--
--WE'LL LURE THEM INTO THE FOREST WHERE I CAN DEAL WITH THEM ONE AT A TIME.
..AND WHERE THE DRAGON WILL NOT BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY.
MY ANKLE... TWISTED...
IT'S GAINING ON ME--
GHAAH
THEN, THE BEAST IS DISTRACTED BY FRESH VICTIMS...
THE PRIESTS SET FIRE TO THE SHIPS WITH THE BODIES OF THE CREW ON BOARD TO COVER ALL TRACES OF THEIR LANDING
THEY ARE NOT FOLLOWING. EITHER THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT US-- OR THEY FEEL WE'RE NOT WORTH THE BOTHER.
I AM LEARNING HUMILITY LATE IN LIFE
I COULD DO NOTHING FOR THE SAILORS
HOW UGLY, THEY DIED!

WILL YOU LEAVE ME?
NOT UNTIL YOU NO LONGER NEED ME
FOR SIX DAYS THE PRIEST LINGERS IN TORMENT ON THE MORNING OF THE SEVENTH.
I FAILED TO SAVE MY YOUNG FRIEND I WILL NOT FAIL TO AVENGE HIM--!
AS ALWAYS, MY DESTINY IS TO TAKE LIFE, NOT PRESERVE IT.
AT THAT MOMENT, FORTY MILES TO THE SOUTH, TAKASHI STEPS ONTO A SAN FRANCISCO PIER...
MY SHIPMATES SPOKE OF A TAVERN I WILL SEEK THERE FIRST
AT TAKASHI'S DESTINATION..
SHUT YER TRAP, YA LIAR!
THE ONLY DRAGONS HE SEEN COME OUTTA THAT BOTTLE.
IT IS TRUE THE DRAGONS... I PRETENDED TO BE DEAD...
YA TAKE US FOR FOOLS, WITH YER DRAGON STORIES!
HE MENTIONED DRAGONS?
AND THE PRIESTS... TORE US APART.. THE CAPTAIN... MY BROTHER, BLEEDING..
WHERE?
NORTH... NEAR A PLACE THEY CALL SALT POINT...
ALREADY, TAKASHI'S HEART IS POUNDING. THE EMPTY REGION WITHIN HIM HAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH A TWISTING, WRITHING DETERMINATION.

THE LAST OF THE DRAGONS continues next issue

OBSESSION
NO!
JEEZ! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH I'VE HAD THAT DREAM...
WHEW! I COULD USE A GOOD BREAKFAST.
♪ WAITIN' FOR THE END OF THE WORLD ♪
SALE!
EVERYTHING MUST GO!
DAILY NEWS
NEW BOMB
NO WONDER I HAVE SUCH BAD DREAMS!
ONLY PEOPLE UNDER SIXTY
NO TIME TO FINISH MY COFFEE, I...
NO SMOKING IN ELEVATOR

© 1983 Peter Kuper

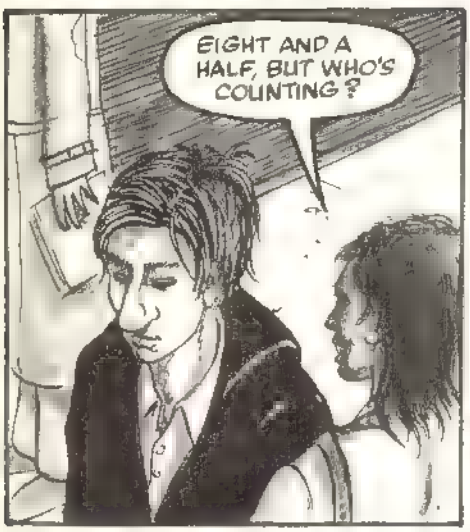
THIS THING IS SO OLD IT CREAKS!
IT DROPS FROM NINE TO ONE LIKE A BOMB
...JUST LIKE A BOMB...
METRO
NOW SHOWING APOCALYPSE NOW
YOU'RE LATE!
SORRY, I...
NEVER-MIND! TAKE CAR # 36!
ACE TAXI DISPATCHER
I WONDER IF THE RADIO WORKS...
=CLICK=
♪ BLOOD RACK, BARBED WIRE, POLITICIAN'S FUNERAL PYRE, INNOCENT RAPED WITH NAPALM FIRE, TWENTIETH CENTURY SCHIZOID MAN! ♪
ON SECOND THOUGHT..

ZOOM!
NEW YORK IS SUCH A MAGNIFICENT CITY, BUT THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I'D WANT TO BE IF IT ALL COMES DOWN...
...BOY... IT WOULD BE EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE REBUILT RIGHT ON TOP OF THE WHOLE MESS...
I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW... ROBOT BUMS DRINKING MOTOR OIL... WHO ELSE WOULD SURVIVE RADIATION FALLOUT?!
HMMM... I THINK I'VE BEEN READING TOO MUCH SCIENCE FICTION...
TAXI!

GOOD DAY SIR, WHERE TO?
THE CORNER OF HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI.
HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI...
I WONDER HOW THE BOMBARDIER FELT...
SENT ON A MISSION TO KILL THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE...
DROP YOUR LOAD, YELLOW LEADER!
AIO!
NO.
DRIVER HAS NO CHANGE
NO SMOKING

TAXI
ENTRANCE
ONLY
ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR.
HONK
THEY PACK US IN THESE TRAINS LIKE...
YOU HAVE TO BE A REAL TROOPER TO TAKE IT..
FLEE!
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

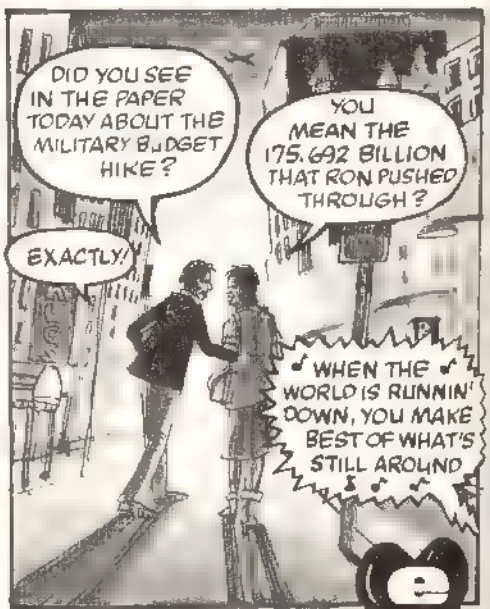
EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE IN ONE CITY. WE'RE NOT MEANT TO BE THIS CROWDED TOGETHER.


EIGHT AND A HALF, BUT WHO'S COUNTING?

WHAT?!

MUMBLING TO YOURSELF IS A BAD SIGN. I BET YOU COULD USE A VACATION!
NO KIDDING

I'M BEGINNING TO WISH THEY WOULD JUST DROP THE BOMB!
I HEAR YOU.


DID YOU SEE IN THE PAPER TODAY ABOUT THE MILITARY BUDGET HIKE?
YOU MEAN THE 175.692 BILLION THAT RON PUSHED THROUGH?
EXACTLY!
♪ WHEN THE WORLD IS RUNNIN' DOWN, YOU MAKE BEST OF WHAT'S STILL AROUND ♪

GENERATION ZERO

THE CONNECTION

DEATH. LIKE EVERY OTHER SURVIVOR IN THIS WORLD AWAKENING AFTER NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, JUAN FALCÓN KNOWS IT TOO WELL; IN TOO MANY FORMS. A LETTER DESCRIBING HIS OLDER BROTHER JAMIE'S DESTRUCTION BY NAPALM WHILE A MERCENARY IN THE MIDDLE-EASTERN 'HOLY WARS.' A MOB TRAMPLING HIS THREE SISTERS IN THE NEW YORK FOOD RIOTS. A FIRING SQUAD EXECUTING FRIENDS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS IN THE DRAFTEE REBELLION THAT HALTED THE SECOND AFRICAN INCURSION. FROM THESE AND A THOUSAND OTHER EXPERIENCES, JUAN KNOWS DEATH'S WAYS ARE ENDLESS...

... AND STILL HE CANNOT TRULY BELIEVE IT HAS TOUCHED HIM.

WHERE... ARE WE, DANCER...? W-WHAT...?

A LONG WAY FROM WHERE YOU GOT THE WOUNDS AND INFECTION THAT'S KILLIN' YOU, JOHNNY.

KUBE HEADED US SOUTHEAST FROM NEW YORK CITY... OUT OVER WHAT USED TO BE THE ATLANTIC...

...AND I STARTED PICKIN' UP SOME FRAGMENTED RADIO SIGNALS THAT LED US HERE. IT'S NOT ON ANY OF OUR CHARTS, POST OR PRE-WAR, AMIGO...

...BUT I'M WILLIN' TO SETTLE FOR A MIRAGE AT THIS POINT. PARTICULARLY ONE THAT LOOKS THIS SOLID!

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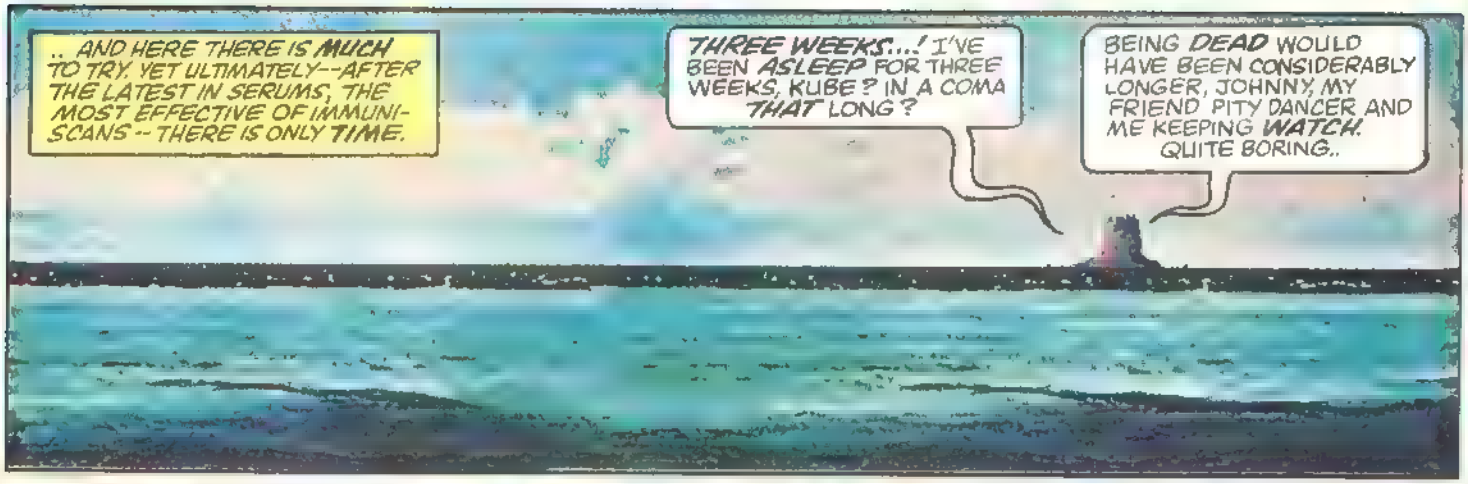
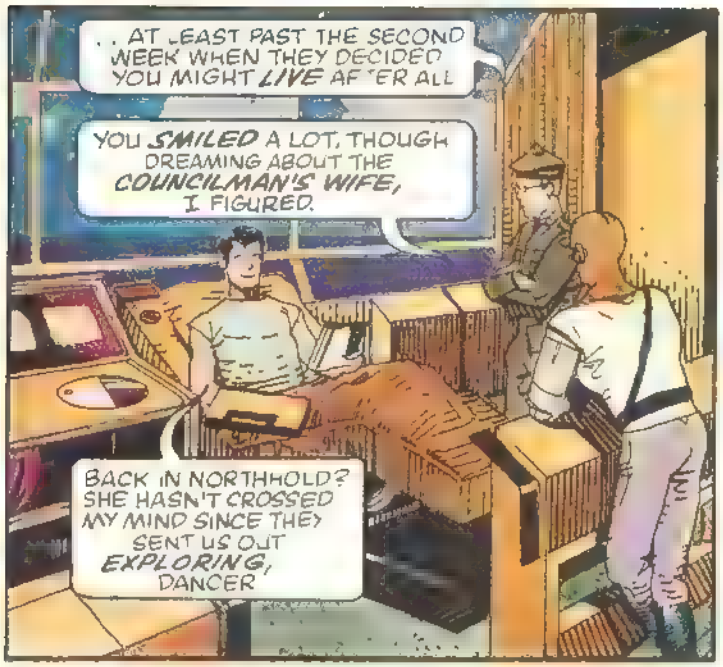
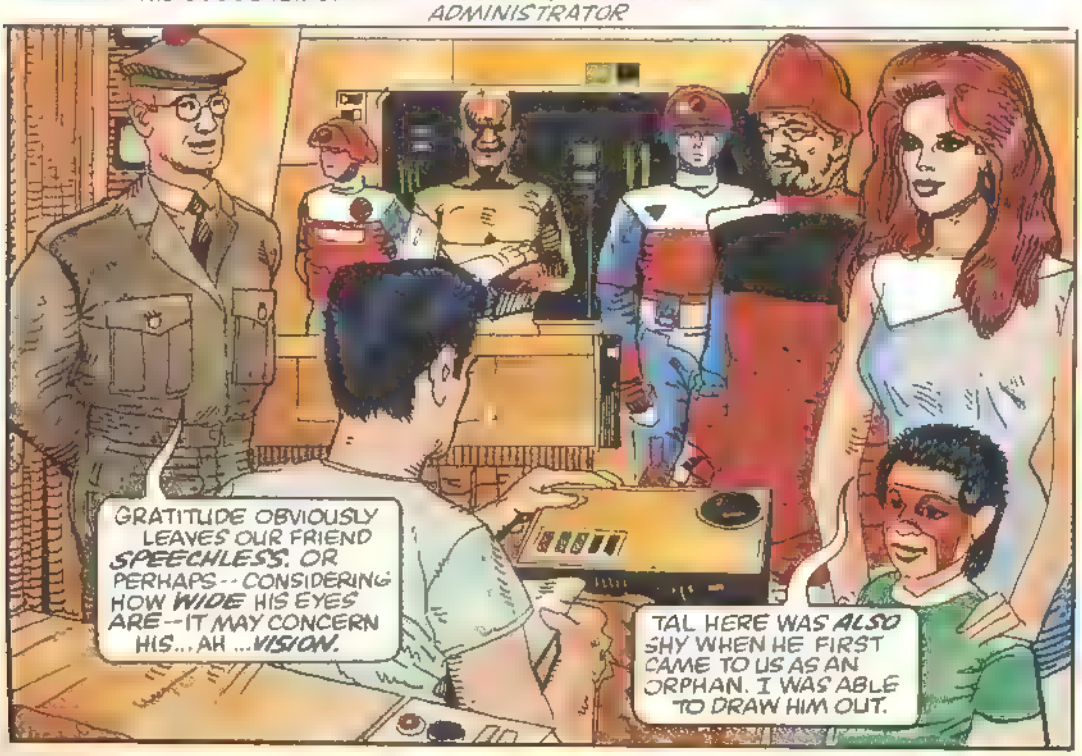
FROM THE COCKPIT, PETER KUBESKY SIGNALS DONALO MZIMBA THEY HAVE RECEIVED PERMISSION TO LAND. AND SHORTLY...
NO GUNS SHOWIN'... BUT PLENTY OF SMILES. I BET WE COULD TRUST THESE FOLKS TO GET YOU A STRETCHER, JOHNNY.
STAYIN' ON... MY FEET... TILL WE'RE SURE...IT'S NO TRICK...! WORST THING YOU... CAN DO, DANCER...
...I-IS LET.. POSSIBLE. ENEMY. . SEE... WEAKNESS...
WELCOME TO SEAHAVEN! I'M HASSMIN, CHIEF ADMIN-ISTRATOR.
THIS IS LIANA... MY DEPUTY.
AND JUAN FALCÓN'S FEVER-WASHED EYES...
...BEHOLD ONE FINAL VISION BEFORE...
... OBLIVION
HE HEARS NOTHING, FEELS NOTHING. EVEN AS HE IS LIFTED AND URGENTLY MOVED, JUAN FALCÓN. IS BEYOND ALL SENSATION. AND PERHAPS... ALL HELP STILL, NOTHING IS LEFT UNTRIED...

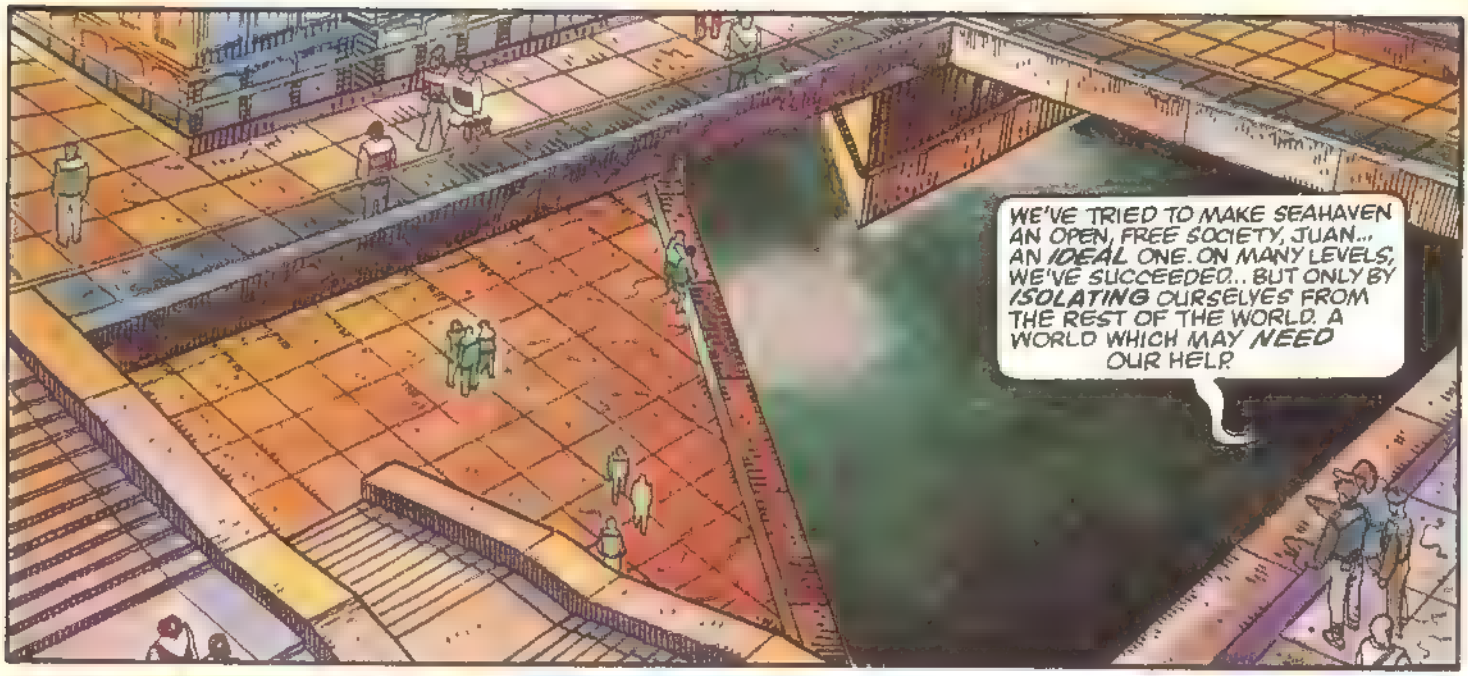

.. AND HERE THERE IS MUCH TO TRY. YET ULTIMATELY--AFTER THE LATEST IN SERUMS, THE MOST EFFECTIVE OF IMMUNI-SCANS -- THERE IS ONLY TIME.
THREE WEEKS...! I'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR THREE WEEKS, KUBE? IN A COMA THAT LONG?
BEING DEAD WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY LONGER, JOHNNY, MY FRIEND PITY DANCER AND ME KEEPING WATCH. QUITE BORING..

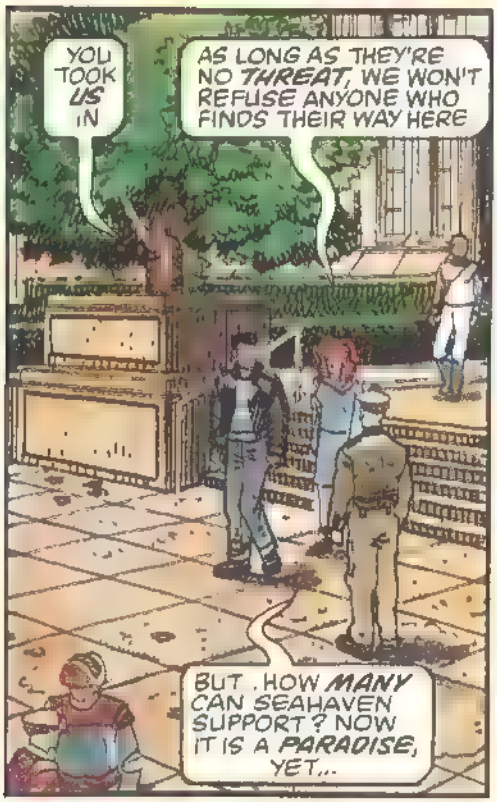

. . AT LEAST PAST THE SECOND WEEK WHEN THEY DECIDED YOU MIGHT LIVE AF ER ALL
YOU SMILED A LOT, THOUGH DREAMING ABOUT THE COUNCILMAN'S WIFE, I FIGURED.
BACK IN NORTHHOLD? SHE HASN'T CROSSED MY MIND SINCE THEY SENT US OUT EXPLORING, DANCER

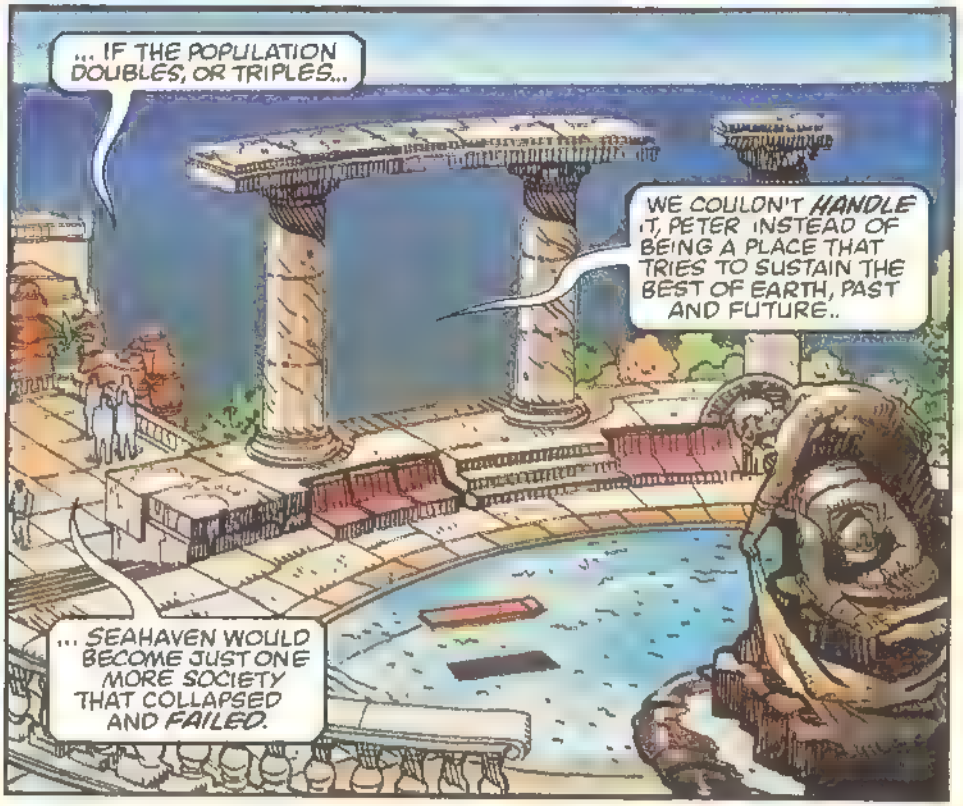
SUDDENLY JUAN IS STUMBLING THROUGH INTRODUCTIONS TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING HIS LIFE, STUMBLING PARTICULARLY AT THE SIGHT OF SEAHAVEN'S DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR

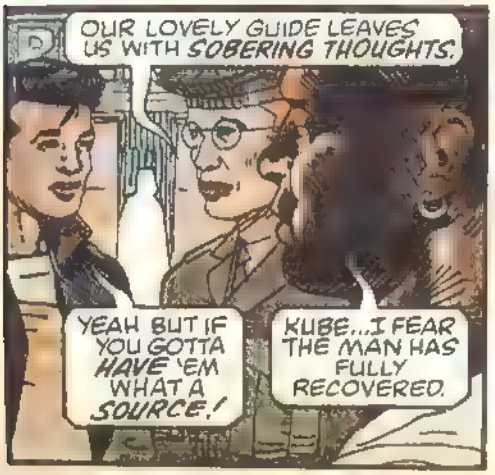

GRATITUDE OBVIOUSLY LEAVES OUR FRIEND SPEECHLESS. OR PERHAPS -- CONSIDERING HOW WIDE HIS EYES ARE -- IT MAY CONCERN HIS... AH ...VISION.
TAL HERE WAS ALSO SHY WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO US AS AN ORPHAN. I WAS ABLE TO DRAW HIM OUT.

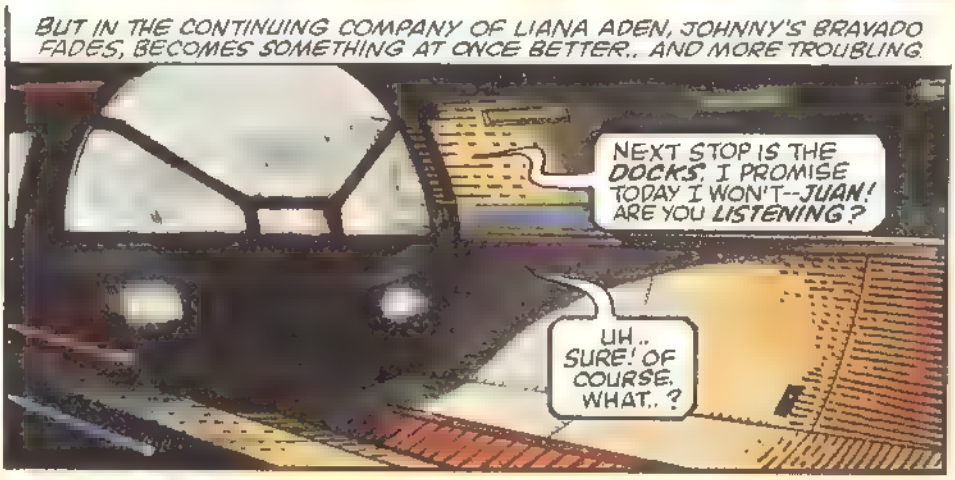
... AND THE PROCESS OF HEALING MOVE ON
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ENJOY A CHANCE FOR SOME EXERCISE, Mr. FALCÓN.
JUAN. OR JOHNNY, DEPUTY ADEN.
LIANA,, PLEASE
THIS IS THE HEART OF SEAHAVEN THE SOURCE OF OUR POWER SUPPLY.
THE ISLAND IS AN ACTIVE VOLCANO. WE CAPPED IT... AND CHANNELED ITS DESTRUCTIVE FORCE INTO AN ENERGY SYSTEM.
IT'S LIKE... A GIGANTIC PRESSURE COOKER, YES? WITH A PROPER RELEASE VALVE FOR THE PRESSURE, I TRUST?
THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL CONTROL SYSTEM PLUS A MANUAL BACK-UP, PETER. THAT'S WHAT THE CATWALK LEADS TO
MUCH OF THE ENERGY WE CREATE IS USED TO HEAT THOSE PENS OUTSIDE. THERE WE'RE ABLE TO RAISE A WIDE VARIETY OF MARINE PLANTS AND MAINTAIN FISH FARMS... FOR MOST OF OUR FOOD AND OTHER NEEDS
YOU'RE MORE SELF-SUFFICIENT THAN THEY ARE AT NORTHHOLD, WHERE WE'RE FROM!
SELF-SUFFICIENT, BUT STILL LIMITED.


WE'VE TRIED TO MAKE SEAHAVEN AN OPEN, FREE SOCIETY, JUAN... AN *IDEAL* ONE. ON MANY LEVELS, WE'VE SUCCEEDED... BUT ONLY BY *ISOLATING* OURSELVES FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD. A WORLD WHICH MAY *NEED* OUR HELP.


YOU TOOK *US* IN
AS LONG AS THEY'RE NO *THREAT*, WE WON'T REFUSE ANYONE WHO FINDS THEIR WAY HERE
BUT . HOW *MANY* CAN SEAHAVEN SUPPORT? NOW IT IS A *PARADISE*, YET...


... IF THE POPULATION DOUBLES, OR TRIPLES...
WE COULDN'T *HANDLE* IT, PETER. INSTEAD OF BEING A PLACE THAT TRIES TO SUSTAIN THE BEST OF EARTH, PAST AND FUTURE..
... SEAHAVEN WOULD BECOME JUST ONE MORE SOCIETY THAT COLLAPSED AND *FAILED*.

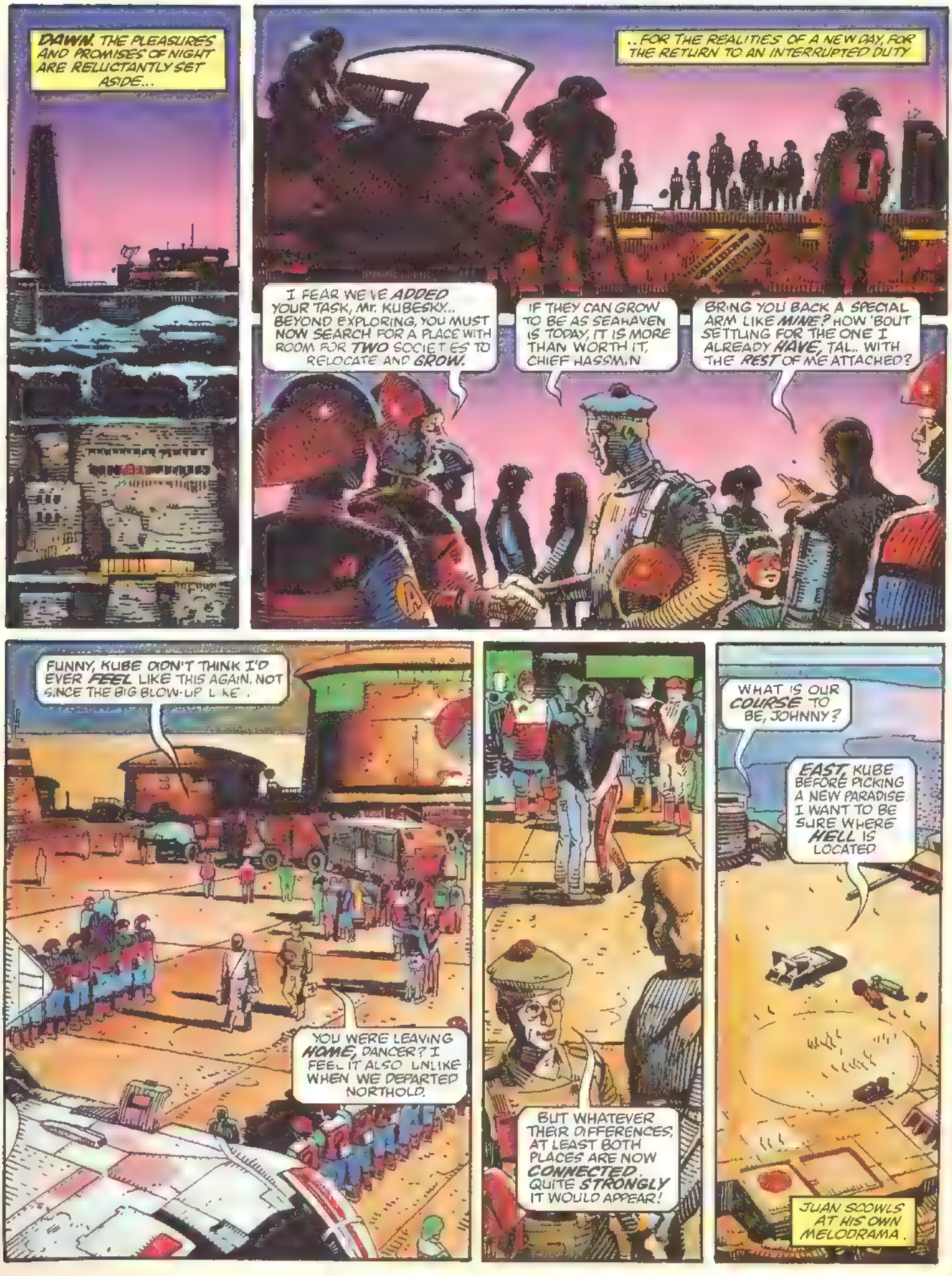

OUR LOVELY GUIDE LEAVES US WITH *SOBERING THOUGHTS*.
YEAH BUT IF YOU GOTTA *HAVE* 'EM WHAT A *SOURCE*!
KUBE...I FEAR THE MAN HAS FULLY RECOVERED.


BUT IN THE CONTINUING COMPANY OF LIANA ADEN, JOHNNY'S BRAVADO FADES, BECOMES SOMETHING AT ONCE BETTER.. AND MORE TROUBLING
NEXT STOP IS THE *DOCKS*. I PROMISE TODAY I WON'T--*JUAN*! ARE YOU *LISTENING*?
UH.. SURE! OF COURSE. WHAT..?

I WAS PROMISING YOU MORE OF A PLEASURE TRIP THAN YESTERDAY. I'M AFRAID WHEN I DON'T WATCH MYSELF... I TEND TO GET TOO SERIOUS.
YEAH, WELL, I GUESS THAT CAN BE A PROBLEM
SERIOUS...? I'VE NEVER BEEN SERIOUS ABOUT ANYTHING. EXCEPT MAYBE FINDIN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY FATHER.
BUT THIS GIRL, MAN...! I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T GET INVOLVED... STAY IN ONE PLACE... NO MORE THAN MY POP COULD!
THIS IS ONE OF OUR RECLAIMED AREAS, JUAN. LEFT ALONE, NATURE CAN FLOURISH MAGNIFICENTLY! LEAN OVER HERE. YOU CAN SEE--
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, LIANA! JUST LIKE...LIKE Y-- LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE YOU'VE SHOWN ME ABOUT SEA-HAVEN.
IT MAY BE THE LAST BIT OF BEAUTY IN A WOUNDED, HALF-DEAD WORLD I... I ALMOST WISH WE'D FOUND IT LATER IN OUR MISSION, LIANA...
IF MORE WERE SETTLED...! ABOUT EARTH, ABOUT WHAT DANCER, KUBE, AN' I ARE DOIN'! THEN, MAYBE--
IT SHOULD BE SETTLED SOON, JUAN. CHIEF HASSMIN HAS DECIDED WE SHOULD RELAX OUR RULES AGAINST LONG RANGE COMMUNICATION. YOU'LL SOON BE TALKING...

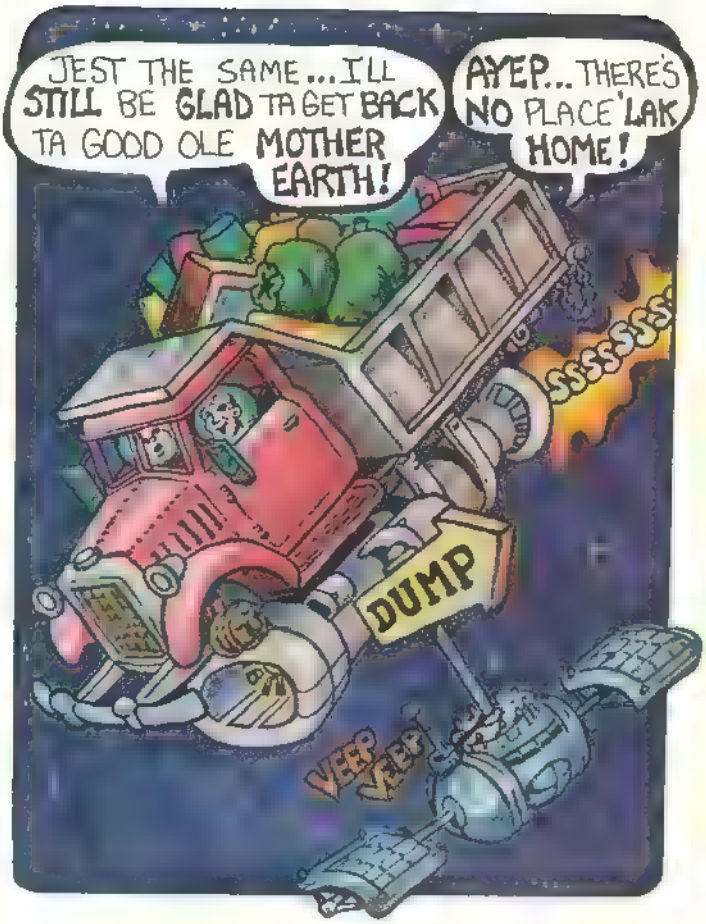
"... TO YOUR HOME BASE. YOUR UNCLE, I IMAGINE YOU SAID HE WAS THEIR COUNCIL PRESIDENT."
THIS IS..UNEXPECTED NEWS, JUAN QUITE GOOD, OF COURSE
FRANKLY, I'D COME TO ASSUME NORTHOLD WAS THE SOLE HOPE FOR REPAIRING WHAT'S BEEN DESTROYED
RAOUL FALCÓN'S WORDS TO HIS NEPHEW ARE CHILLING, BUT THEY ALSO SPUR THE YOUNG MAN IF THERE WAS A QUESTION EARLIER ABOUT HIS COURSE... THERE IS NONE NOW
PERHAPS SEAHAVEN HAS BEEN TOO CAUTIOUS ABOUT MAKING IT'S EXISTENCE KNOWN, PRESIDENT FALCÓN.
WE'RE TWO DIFFERENT SOCIETIES, BUT WE HAVE THE SAME GOAL. THERE'S NO REASON WE CAN'T PUT IT TOGETHER NOW
SINCE YOU WISELY HAD THIS COMMUNI-CATIONS SATELLITE REACTIVATED, SIR.
IF ONLY IT ALWAYS BROUGHT NEWS LIKE THIS, HASSMIN WE SOMETIMES PICK UP HINTS OF GROWING MENACE.. TO THE EAST AND, JUAN.. RUMORS STILL HINT YOUR FATHER IS INVOLVED
BUT MOST DARK EDGES IN THE COMMUNICATION ARE SOFTENED BY THE MAIN ACCOMPLISHMENT. NORTHOLD AND SEAHAVEN ARE NO LONGER TWO LONE ENTITIES IN A SAVAGED WORLD IN THAT, THERE'S CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION.
TO THE LINKINS OF OUR TWO SOCIETIES WE'VE MUCH TO GIVE ONE ANOTHER
.. AND I HOPE YOU START BY TEACHING NORTHOLD HOW TO PREPARE FOOD!
THE BANQUET ENDS, BUT NOT THE FESTIVITIES.
YOU DON'T DANCE MR MZIMBA? THEN... WHY IS YOUR NICK-NAME 'DANCER'..?
INTERESTING STORY I'D LIKE TO TELL IT TO YOU LATER.
FOR NOW I'VE PROMISED MY NEW BUDDY, TAL, A DEMONSTRATION OF HOW A CYBERNETIC ARM WORKS
.. ANA SEEMED TO AVOID ME ALL THROUGH DINNER. WHERE..?

LIANA..?
WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE ALONE? I WANTED TO SAY GOOD-BYE
I KNOW AND I DION'T. IT'S NOT SOMETHING I'M GOOD AT
MAYBE I'M TOO GOOD AT IT. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST TURN AROUND AND...

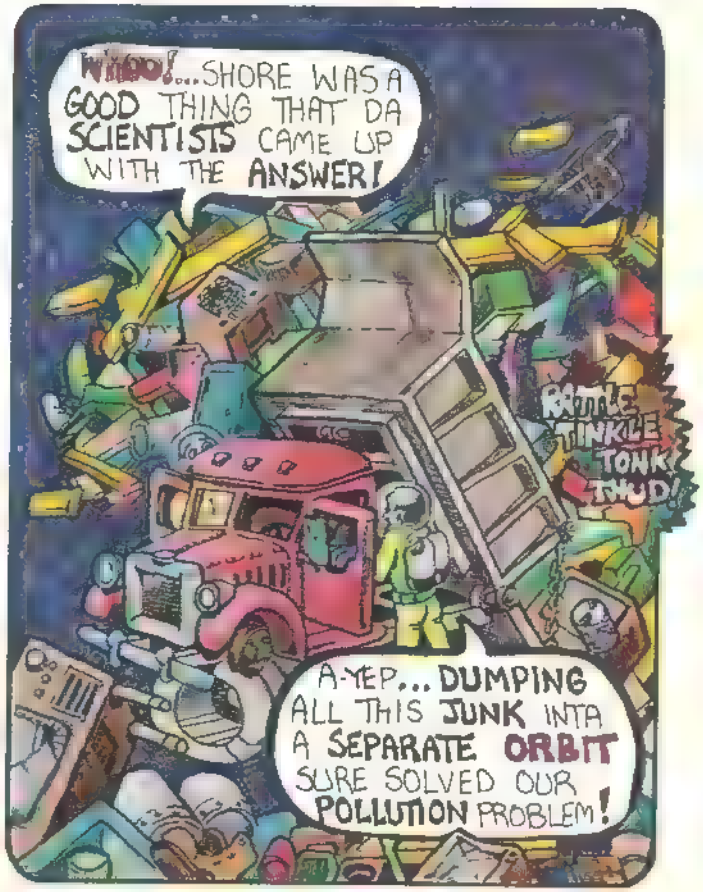

DAWN. THE PLEASURES AND PROMISES OF NIGHT ARE RELUCTANTLY SET ASIDE...
..FOR THE REALITIES OF A NEW DAY, FOR THE RETURN TO AN INTERRUPTED DUTY
I FEAR WE'VE ADDED YOUR TASK, Mr. KUBESKY... BEYOND EXPLORING, YOU MUST NOW SEARCH FOR A PLACE WITH ROOM FOR TWO SOCIETIES TO RELOCATE AND GROW.
IF THEY CAN GROW TO BE AS SEAHAVEN IS TODAY, IT IS MORE THAN WORTH IT, CHIEF HASSMAN
BRING YOU BACK A SPECIAL ARM LIKE MINE? HOW 'BOUT SETTLING FOR THE ONE I ALREADY HAVE, TAL.. WITH THE REST OF ME ATTACHED?
FUNNY, KUBE DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER FEEL LIKE THIS AGAIN. NOT SINCE THE BIG BLOW-UP LIKE.
YOU WERE LEAVING HOME, DANCER? I FEEL IT ALSO UNLIKE WHEN WE DEPARTED NORTHOLD.
BUT WHATEVER THEIR DIFFERENCES, AT LEAST BOTH PLACES ARE NOW CONNECTED, QUITE STRONGLY IT WOULD APPEAR!
WHAT IS OUR COURSE TO BE, JOHNNY?
EAST, KUBE BEFORE PICKING A NEW PARADISE. I WANT TO BE SURE WHERE HELL IS LOCATED.
JUAN SCOWLS AT HIS OWN MELODRAMA.

...THE INFLUENCE NO DOUBT OF HIS UNCLE, THE POLITICIAN. AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO COVER THE MIXED EMOTIONS WITHIN HIM AS HE GIVES SEA-HAVEN A LAST LOOK...
...TROUBLED BY WHAT LIES AHEAD IN THE AREA THEY MOVE TOWARD, AN AREA WHICH MAY HOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS FATHER...
...AND MORE FEARFUL THAN HE IS WILLING TO ADMIT ABOUT WHAT HE MAY HAVE ABANDONED IN ORDER TO DO IT.

GENERATION ZERO CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...



...CAN YA IMAGIN?... THEM ASSHOLES IN THA OLD DAYS WOULD DUMP GARBAGE AN CRAP INTA THE OCEAN!
DANG FOOLS! THOUGHT THAT JEST CAUSE THEY COULDN'T SEE THE POLLUTION IT WOULD GO AWAY... ...ALMOST KILLED MAMM EARTH TOO!
BLUB BLUB BLUB


WHOO!... SHORE WAS A GOOD THING THAT DA SCIENTISTS CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER!
BATTLE TINKLE TONK TWUD!
A-YEP... DUMPING ALL THIS JUNK INTA A SEPARATE ORBIT SURE SOLVED OUR POLLUTION PROBLEM!

© 1984 Bob Aull

...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DONE SAM...
GREAT!...I KIN USE A COLD BEER...
PEANUT BUTTER FOOD

HOW LONG YA BEEN IN THIS BIZNESS HENRY?
RRAM!

LONG AS I KIN REMEMBER SAM...
...AN' MY PAPPY DID IT BEFORE ME!...
FLYIN TRASH HAS BEEN A FAMILY BIZNESS FER GENERATIONS!
SSSSSSSSSSS

AHH...WE'S BACK!..SHORE IS GOOD TA BE HOME...

..A-YEP...

鬼

THROUGHOUT THE THREE THOUSAND YEAR HISTORY OF JAPAN, THERE HAVE BEEN LEGENDS AND MYTHS ABOUT A STRANGE, DEMONIC CREATURE CALLED THE **ONI.**

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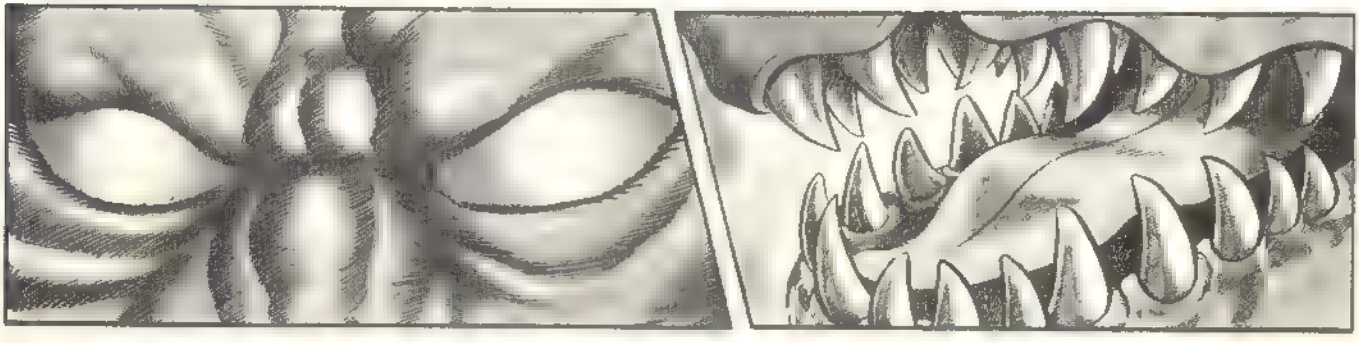
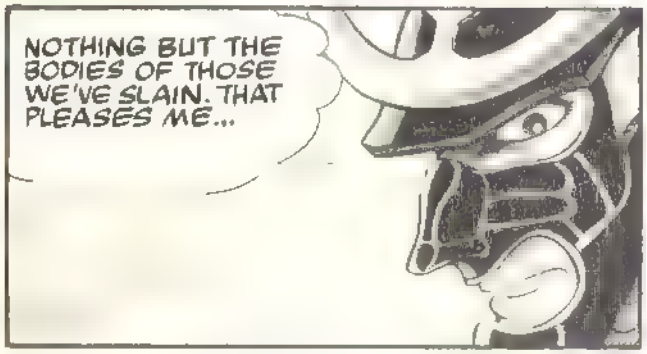
IT WAS SAID TO STAND ABOUT TEN TO TWENTY FEET TALL, AND HAVE GREAT HORNS GROWING ON ITS HEAD. WHERE A HUMAN WOULD HAVE HAD TEETH AND NAILS, ONI HAD FANGS, AND TALONS...

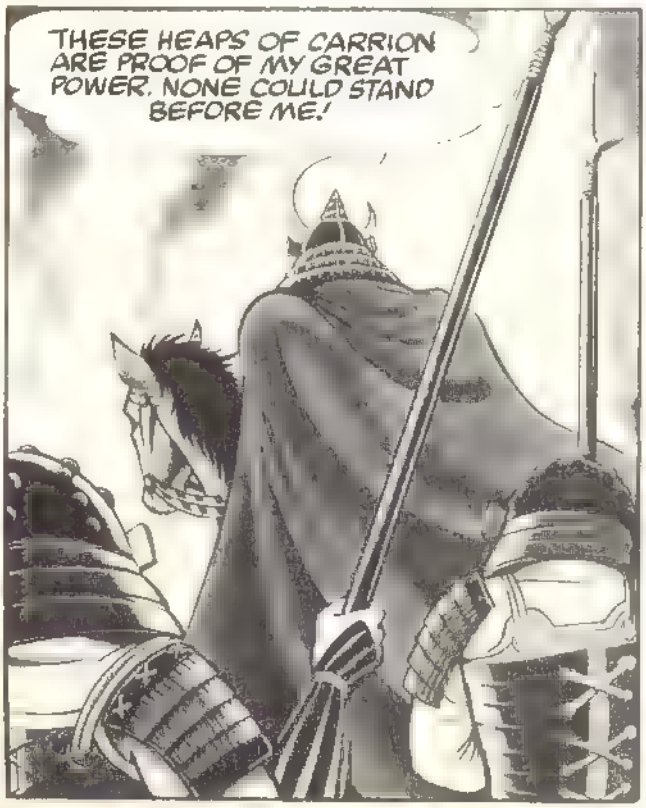
PEOPLE OF THE HEIAN PERIOD, AROUND 700 A.D., LEFT BEHIND THEM MANY TALES AND MYTHS OF SEEING ONI, AND SO THE DEMON BECAME PART OF THEIR HISTORY.



EVEN IN JAPAN TODAY, STORIES ABOUT THE ONI PERSIST. BUT WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CREATURES, AND WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? DID ANYTHING MORE THAN FANTASY AND IMAGINATION UNDERLIE THE MYTHS...?

KREEEE

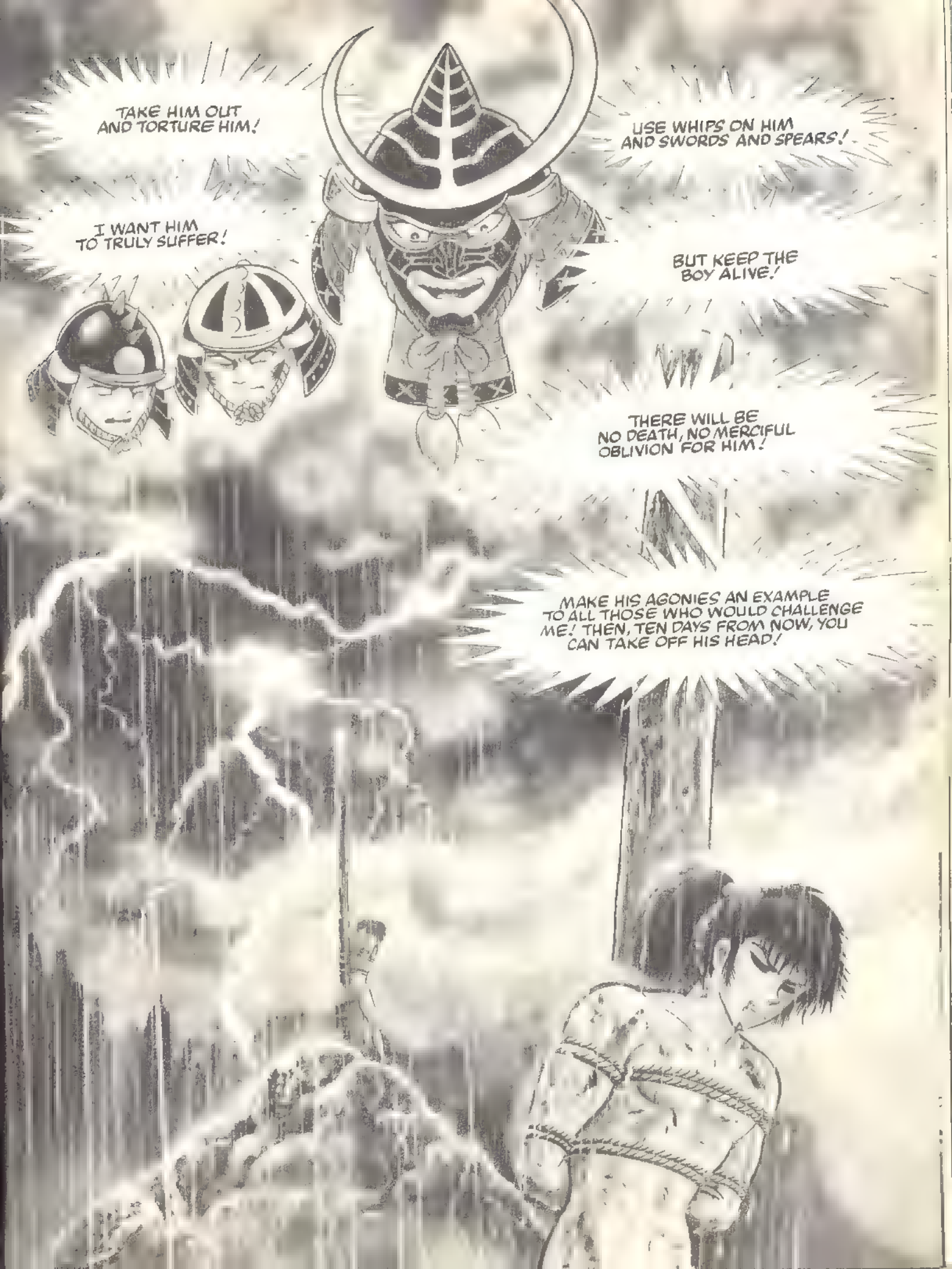


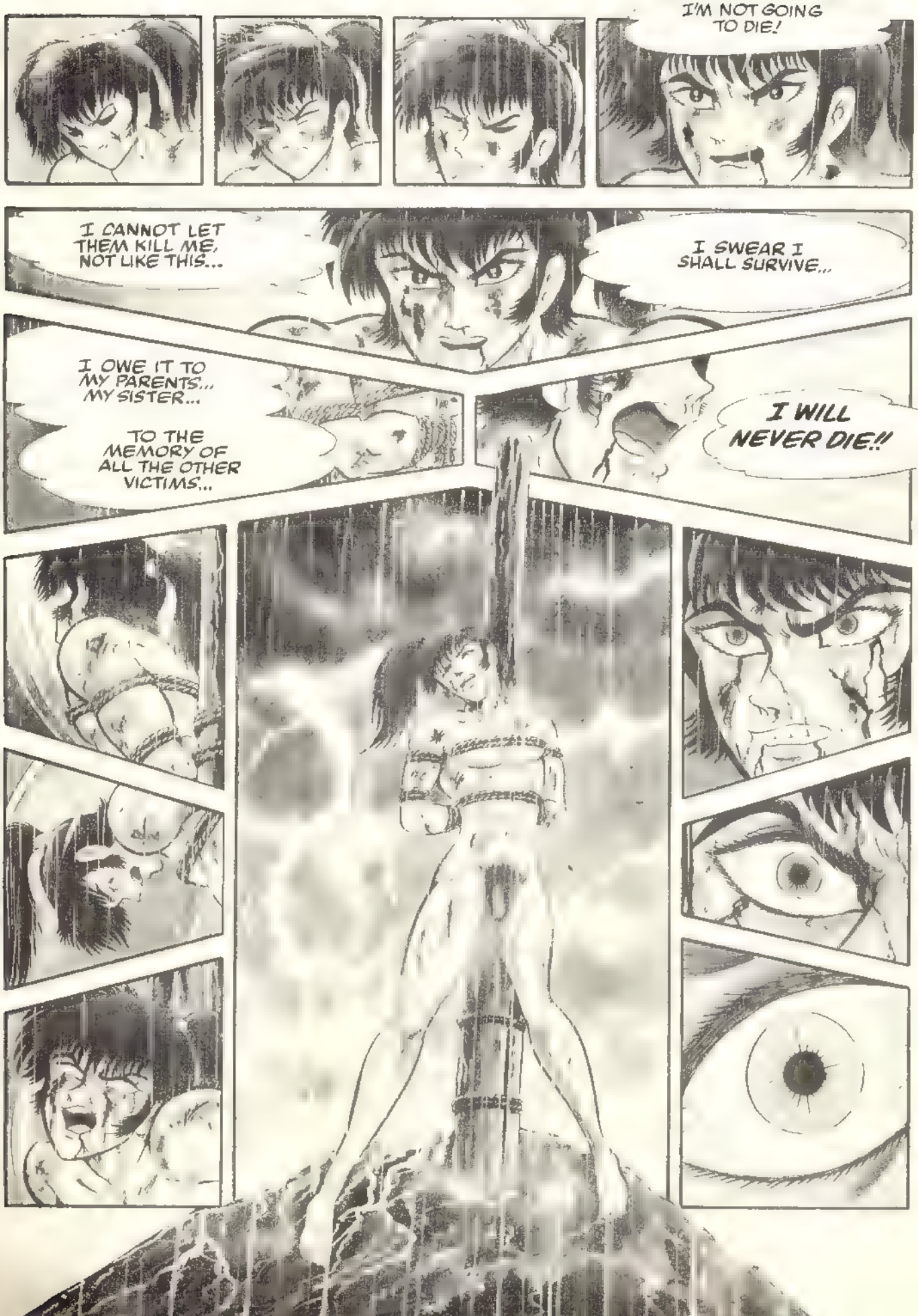


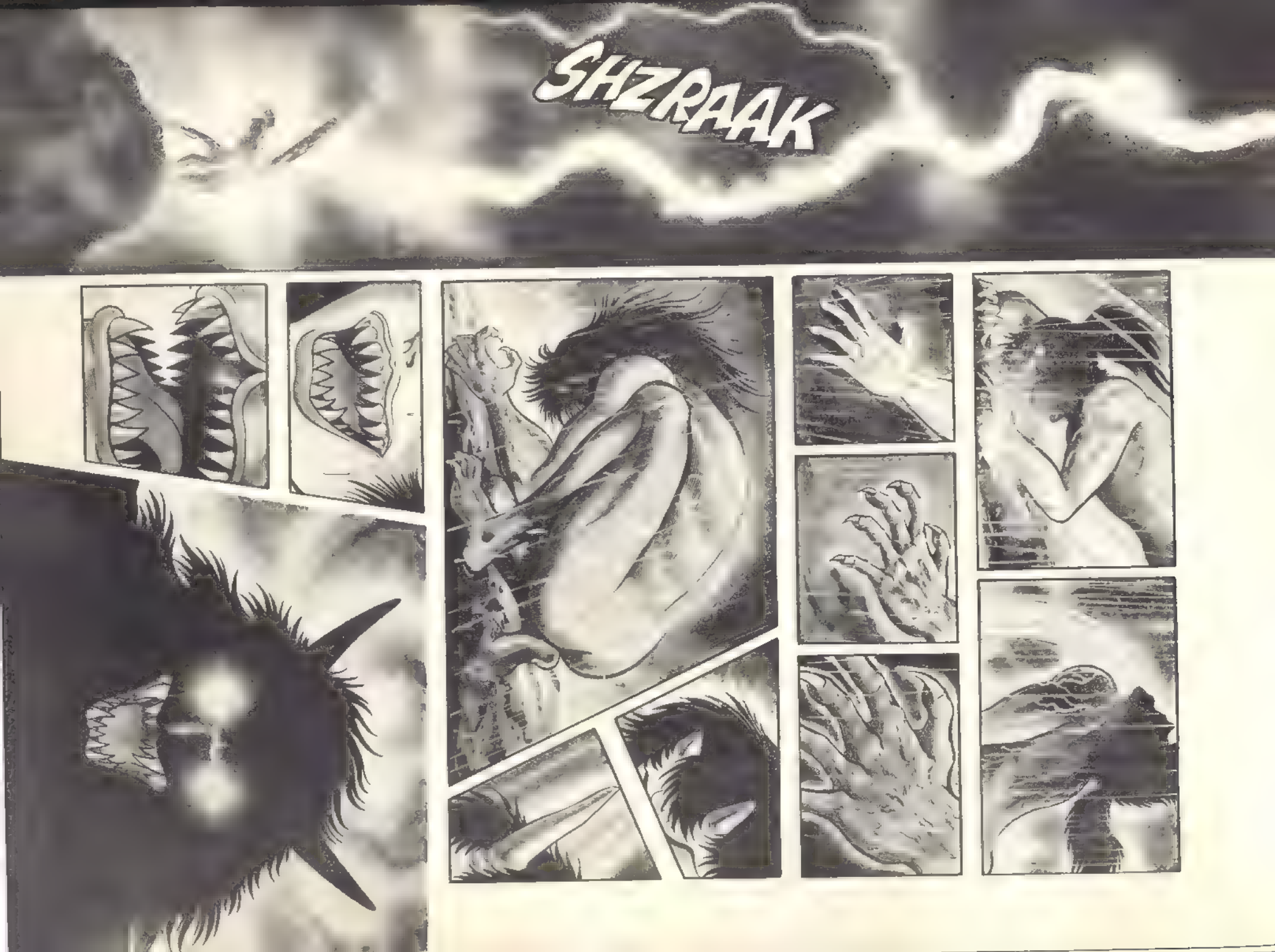
"I'LL BUILD A MOUNTAIN OF THE DEAD ALL THROUGH JAPAN, AND SET MY IMMORTAL EMPIRE ATOP THEIR BONES!

EH--?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, KAGETORA DEMON!
WE MUST HAVE OVERLOOKED YOU AMONG ALL THE DEAD.
WHO ARE YOU?
YOU KILLED MY FAMILY!!
WHY, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PEASANT.

NOO--!
:OHHH:
YOU RECKLESS BRAT! WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT AN UNTRAINED PEASANT COULD STAND UP TO A SAMURAI ?
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE PRICE FOR DEFYING ME!


TAKE HIM OUT AND TORTURE HIM!
USE WHIPS ON HIM AND SWORDS AND SPEARS!
I WANT HIM TO TRULY SUFFER!
BUT KEEP THE BOY ALIVE!
THERE WILL BE NO DEATH, NO MERCIFUL OBLIVION FOR HIM!
MAKE HIS AGONIES AN EXAMPLE TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD CHALLENGE ME! THEN, TEN DAYS FROM NOW, YOU CAN TAKE OFF HIS HEAD!


I'M NOT GOING TO DIE!
I CANNOT LET THEM KILL ME, NOT LIKE THIS...
I SWEAR I SHALL SURVIVE...
I OWE IT TO MY PARENTS... MY SISTER...
TO THE MEMORY OF ALL THE OTHER VICTIMS...
I WILL NEVER DIE!!


SHZRAAK

THUS, WAS ONE ONI CREATED, BORN OF A YOUNG MAN'S PAIN AND ANGER, AND HIS DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE AGAINST THE WARLORD KAGETORA DEMON, WHOM NO MORTAL ALONE COULD DEFY...

IN SEARCH OF DR. EINSTEIN'S BRAIN
RICK GEARY ©1982
HERE IS THE GOOD DOCTOR DURING HIS FINAL YEARS ON THE CAMPUS OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.
HIS STUDY, WHERE HE WORKED TO PERFECT HIS "UNIFIED FIELD" THEORY.
REFUSING SURGERY, HE EXPIRED 18 APR. 1955.
AS PER HIS WISH, HIS BODY WAS CREMATED, AND HIS ASHES DISPERSED ALONG THE DELAWARE RIVER...
BUT NOT BEFORE HIS BRAIN WAS REMOVED, PRESUMABLY FOR "SCIENTIFIC STUDY."
IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF A NAMELESS GROUP OF "RESEARCHERS" AND PROMPTLY DISAPPEARED.

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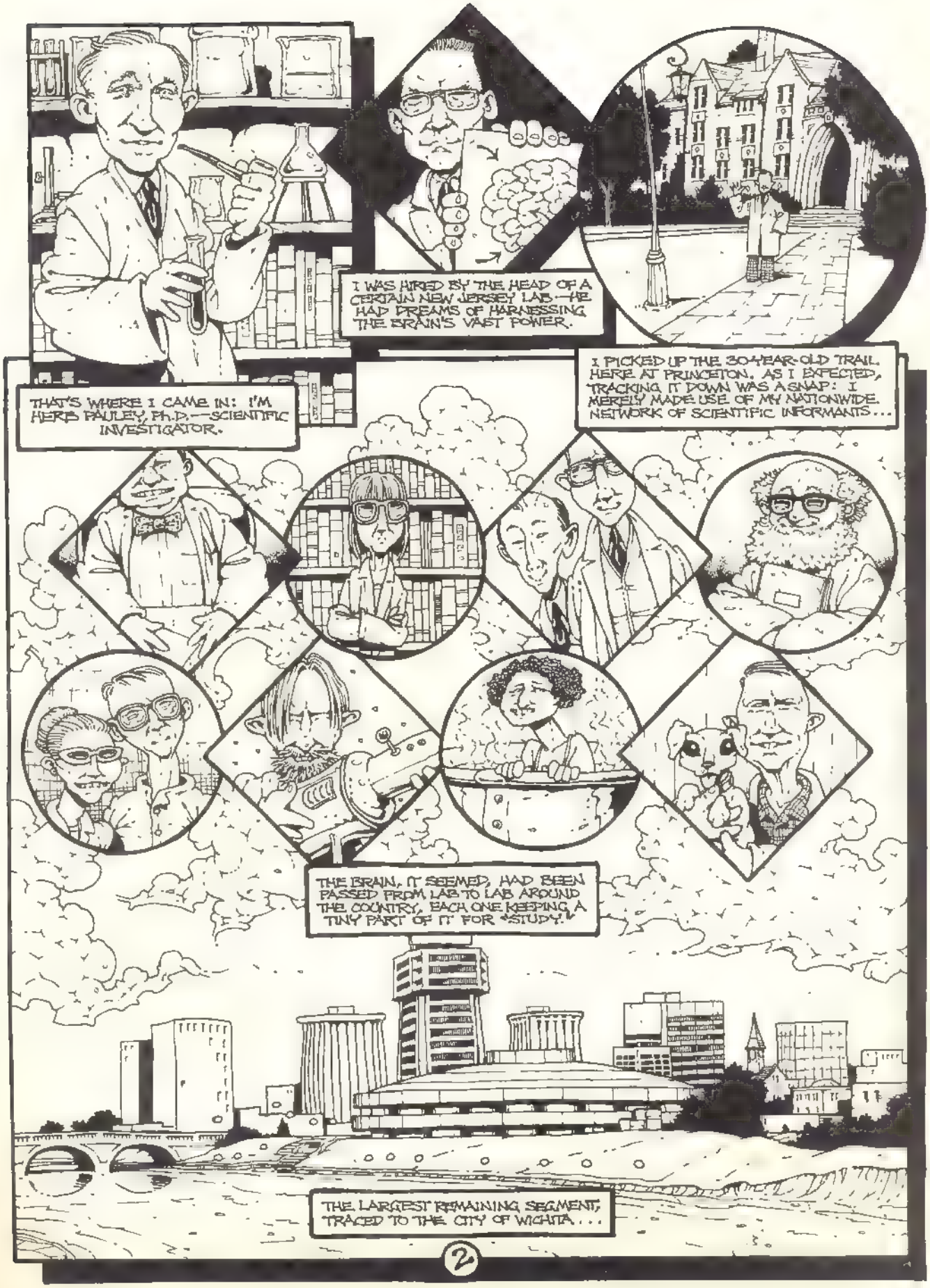
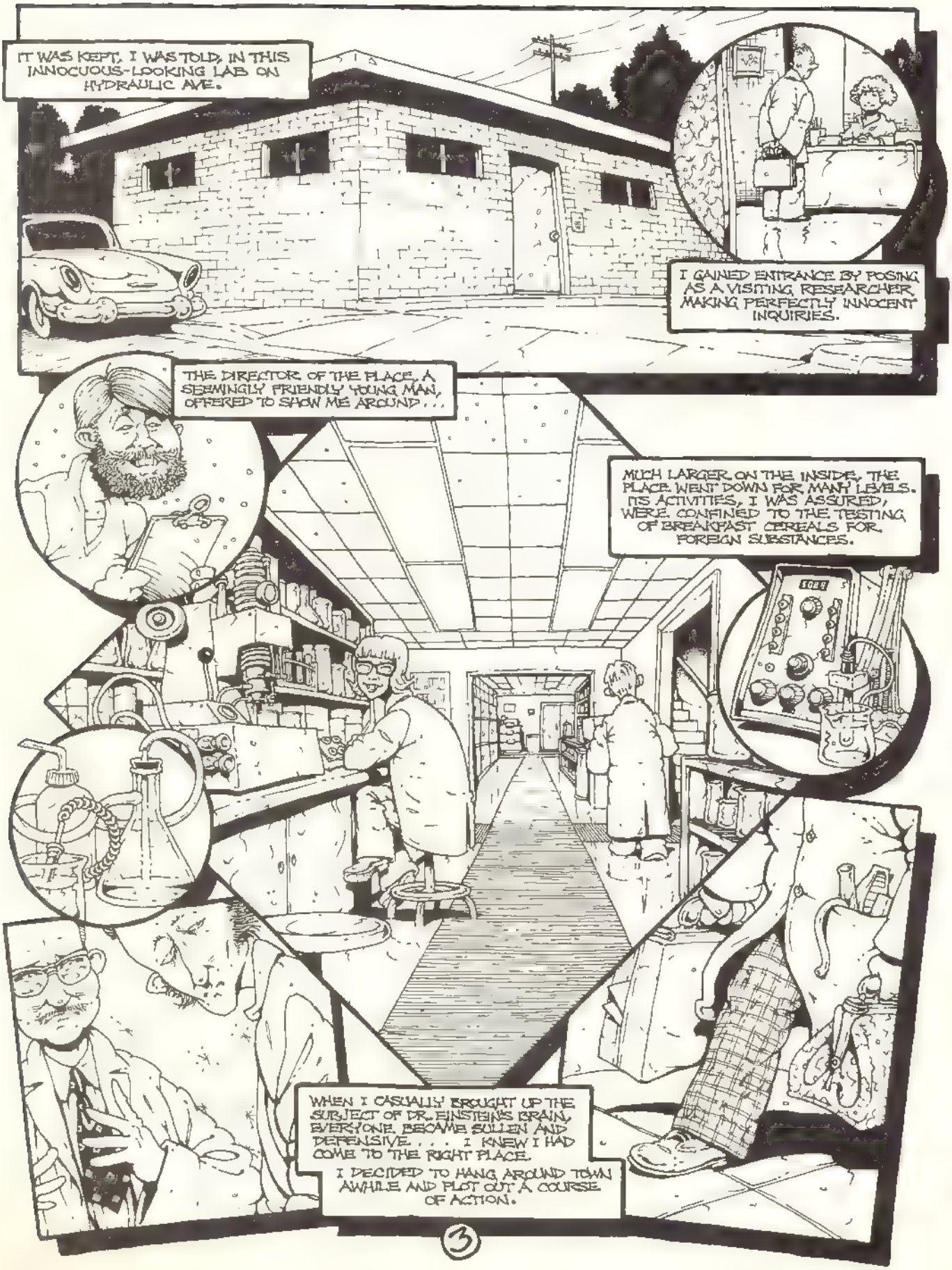
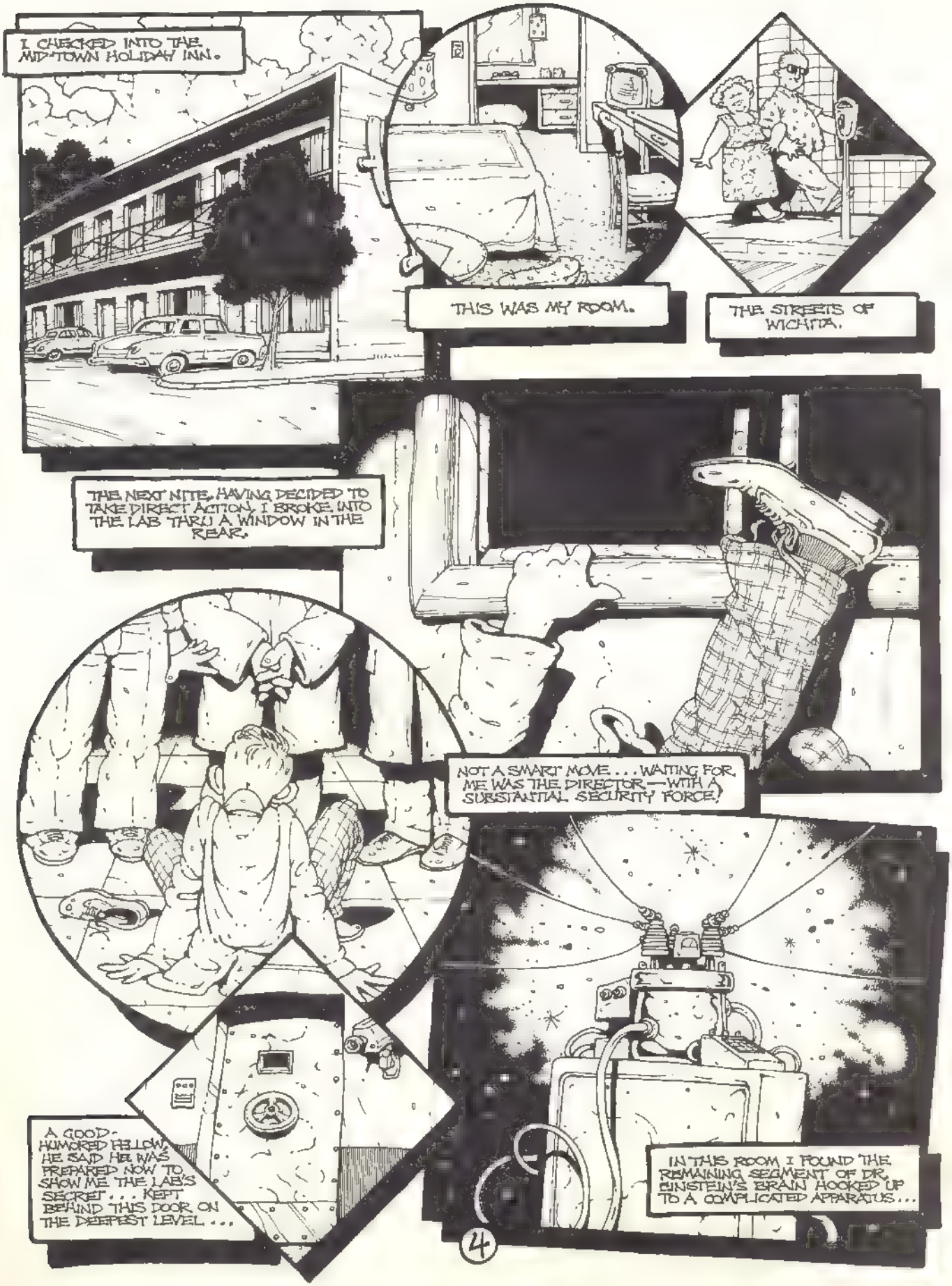
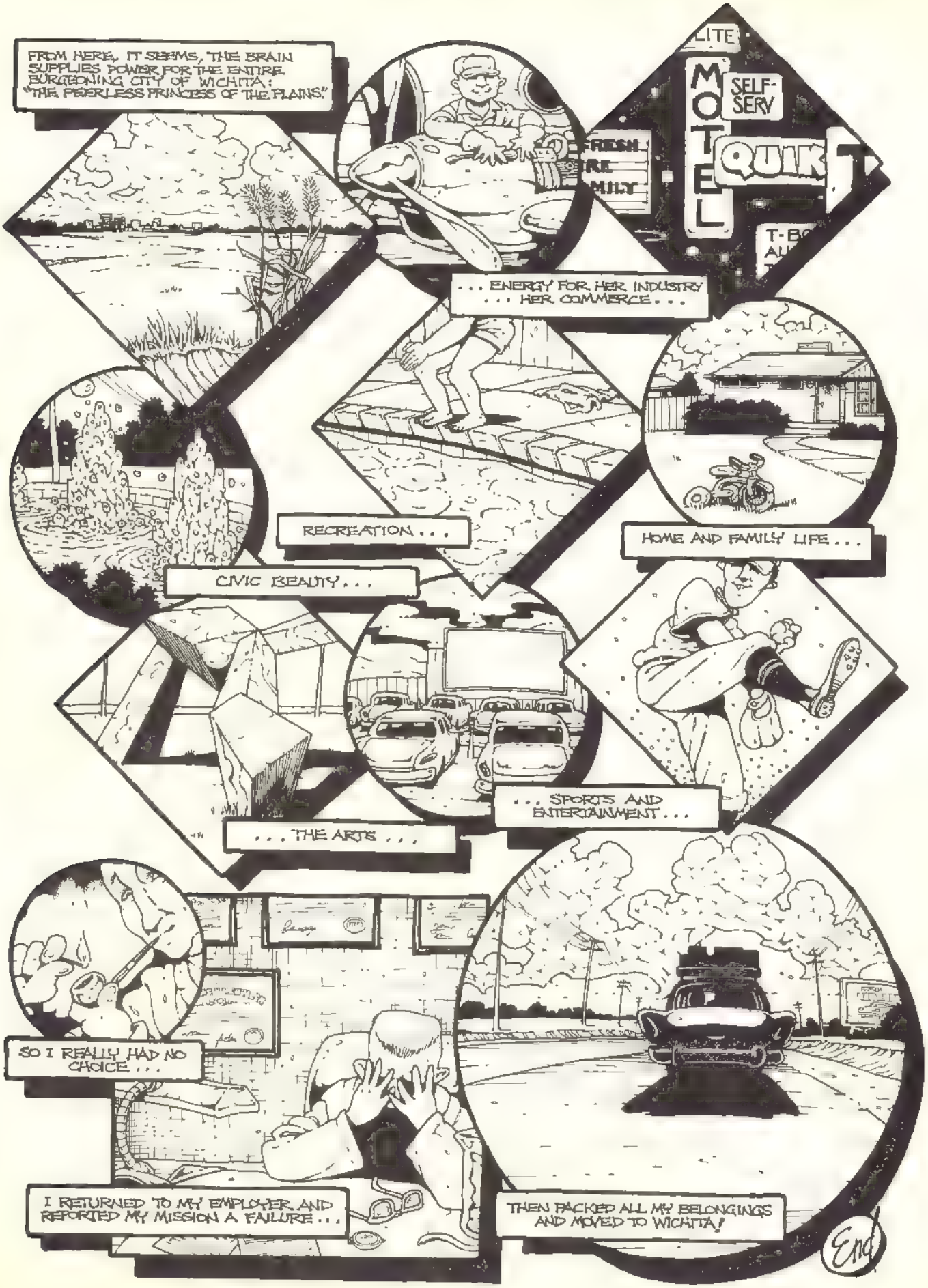

I WAS HIRED BY THE HEAD OF A CERTAIN NEW JERSEY LAB—HE HAD DREAMS OF HARNESSING THE BRAIN'S VAST POWER.
THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN: I'M HERB PAULEY, PH.D.—SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATOR.
I PICKED UP THE 30-YEAR-OLD TRAIL HERE AT PRINCETON. AS I EXPECTED, TRACKING IT DOWN WAS A SNAP: I MERELY MADE USE OF MY NATIONWIDE NETWORK OF SCIENTIFIC INFORMANTS...
THE BRAIN, IT SEEMED, HAD BEEN PASSED FROM LAB TO LAB AROUND THE COUNTRY, EACH ONE KEEPING A TINY PART OF IT FOR "STUDY."
THE LARGEST REMAINING SEGMENT, TRACED TO THE CITY OF WICHITA...
2


IT WAS KEPT, I WAS TOLD, IN THIS INNOCUOUS-LOOKING LAB ON HYDRAULIC AVE.
I GAINED ENTRANCE BY POSING AS A VISITING RESEARCHER MAKING PERFECTLY INNOCENT INQUIRIES.
THE DIRECTOR OF THE PLACE, A SEEMINGLY FRIENDLY YOUNG MAN, OFFERED TO SHOW ME AROUND . . .
MUCH LARGER ON THE INSIDE, THE PLACE WENT DOWN FOR MANY LEVELS. ITS ACTIVITIES, I WAS ASSURED, WERE CONFINED TO THE TESTING OF BREAKFAST CEREALS FOR FOREIGN SUBSTANCES.
WHEN I CASUALLY BROUGHT UP THE SUBJECT OF DR. EINSTEIN'S BRAIN, EVERYONE BECAME SULLEN AND DEFENSIVE . . . I KNEW I HAD COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.
I DECIDED TO HANG AROUND TOWN AWHILE AND PLOT OUT A COURSE OF ACTION.


I CHECKED INTO THE MID-TOWN HOLIDAY INN.
THIS WAS MY ROOM.
THE STREETS OF WICHITA.
THE NEXT NITE, HAVING DECIDED TO TAKE DIRECT ACTION, I BROKE INTO THE LAB THRU A WINDOW IN THE REAR.
NOT A SMART MOVE . . . WAITING FOR ME WAS THE DIRECTOR—WITH A SUBSTANTIAL SECURITY FORCE!
A GOOD-HUMORED FELLOW, HE SAID HE WAS PREPARED NOW TO SHOW ME THE LAB'S SECRET . . . KEPT BEHIND THIS DOOR ON THE DEEPEST LEVEL . . .
IN THIS ROOM I FOUND THE REMAINING SEGMENT OF DR. EINSTEIN'S BRAIN HOOKED UP TO A COMPLICATED APPARATUS . . .


FROM HERE, IT SEEMS, THE BRAIN SUPPLIES POWER FOR THE ENTIRE BURGEONING CITY OF WICHITA: "THE PEERLESS PRINCESS OF THE PLAINS."
LITE
MOTEL
SELF-SERV
QUIK
FRESH
RE
MILY
T-B
AU
. . . ENERGY FOR HER INDUSTRY . . . HER COMMERCE . . .
RECREATION . . .
CIVIC BEAUTY . . .
HOME AND FAMILY LIFE . . .
. . . SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT . . .
. . . THE ARTS . . .
SO I REALLY HAD NO CHOICE . . .
I RETURNED TO MY EMPLOYER AND REPORTED MY MISSION A FAILURE . . .
THEN PACKED ALL MY BELONGINGS AND MOVED TO WICHITA!
End

HOP TO IT WIZARD!
IF YOU WANNA REACH YOUR DESTINATION IN ONE PIECE...
...YOU GOTTA DO MORE THAN JUST STAND THERE AND...
LOST BONES
...GAWK!

A
GUNNER
ADVENTURE
I DON'T MIND TAKIN A FEW RISKS IN THIS GAME...
BLAM!
BLAM!
...GOTTA GIVE THE CUSTOMERS THEIR MONEY'S WORTH...
BUT I DON'T INTEND TO DIE DOIN' IT!
C'MON, LET'S GO!
THE SURVIVORS A' THAT BAND A' BUZZARDS ARE GONNA BE PRETTY NASTY ONCE THEY RECOVER!
AS I KEEP TELLING YOU
OKAY, WIZ, ALL CLEAR. WE LOST 'EM ...FOR NOW
I AM NOT A WIZARD...
AND THERE IS NO NEED FOR YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE PROTECTING ME.

DON'T SWEAT IT, WIZARD, ALL PART A' THE TAILGUNNER ESCORT AN' PATHFINDER SERVICE!
YOU KNOW MY MOTTO... "WHATEVER YER LOOKIN' FOR, WHEREVER YOU WANNA GO...
--I'LL FIND A WAY TO GET YOU THERE, SAFELY!"
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU COULD'A LOST SOMETHING VALUABLE IN A PLACE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO GET TO!
I AM A TRAVELLER FROM ANOTHER REALM... MY POINT OF ENTRY TO YOUR WORLD WAS IN THE LANDS OF ELZABAR, THE WIZARD LORD...
AND IMMEDIATELY UPON MY ARRIVAL, ELZABAR ATTACKED ME, AND USED HIS SPELLS TO FLING ME INTO ANOTHER COUNTRY MILES AWAY.
SO, IF YOU GOT SUCH A NASTY RECEPTION IN THE FIRST PLACE, HOW COME YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO GO BACK?
THE WIZARD LORD HAS ROBBED ME OF SOMETHING AND UNLESS I CAN FIND IT AGAIN, I SHALL NEVER KNOW PEACE.
WELL, PEACE AIN'T A WORD THAT MEANS A LOT TO OL' GUNNER, WIZ...
YET SOMEDAY YOU MAY FIND IT
SNAP!
YEAH, AN' MAYBE A LOT SOONER THAN I HOPED!
ZZZZRRRT!
ZZZRRTT!
LOOK OUT!

BORDER GUARDS! I MIGHTA KNOWN. THAT ELZABAR'S GOT 'IMSELF SOME IMMIGRATION POLICY--
SHOOT ON SIGHT!
LOOK, WIZARD, THERE'S ONLY TWO OF 'EM. I THINK I CAN HANDLE 'EM...
...OR AT LEAST DRAW 'EM AWAY FROM YOU.
TAIL GUNNER, I AM NOT A WIZARD. I DON'T NEED YOUR PROTECTION!
GIVE ME A BREAK!
CLIK!
KABOOM!
GUESS THAT TAKES CARE A'THEM!

THAT IS GOOD, BECAUSE WE HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION.
MY PRIZE LIES JUST AHEAD OF US!
THAT'S GREAT 'CAUSE--
WHAT IS THAT!
IT IS WHAT YOU HAVE GUIDED ME TO, MY FRIEND-- MY BODY!
BUT... BUT THAT'S JUST A ROTTEN OLD BAG A' BONES...
AN' IF YOU'RE OUTSIDE IT, THEN THAT MEANS THAT YOU'RE... THAT YOU GOTTA BE...
THAT'S RIGHT, TAILGUNNER. ELZABAR KILLED ME, AND THEN SUNDERED MY SPIRIT FROM MY BODY...
HE DID SO CRUELLY, KNOWING THAT A SOUL CANNOT REST IN PEACE UNLESS IT IS HOUSED BY BONES...

AND NOW, SINCE YOU HAVE TAKEN CARE OF ANY INTERFERENCE THAT MIGHT TROUBLE US, AND SINCE I PAID YOU BEFORE WE SET OUT...
UH... YEAH, SURE... NO PROBLEM... MY PLEASURE...
...ENTIRELY...
I HAVE NAUGHT TO DO... BUT TO CLAIM MY PRIZE!
HEY BUDDY, WHAT IS IT?! WHAT'S WRONG?!?
ANOTHER SOUL HAS FOUND REFUGE IN MY BODY!
GGGRRRRR!!
HE HAS STOLEN IT!
...GGGGRRRRRRRRRRR!!!...
I AM DOOMED FOREVER...
FOREVER!!!

HA AH HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
YOU SON OF A--
BASH!
UH... WIZ...
...BUDDY...?
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU...?
PERHAPS... YOU COULD TEACH ME... MORE ABOUT YOUR WORLD.
I THINK I SHALL BE HERE...
...FOR A VERY LONG TIME.